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FREDERICKSBURG FIRST AND LAST

II

ACCORDING to Clarkson, the Rev. Morgan Godwin, a clergyman of the English Church in Virginia, was "the first man who ever lifted up his voice against the African slave trade."* Against that traffic Virginia never ceased to protest, and, when relieved of the British rule by which it was imposed, resolved (1774), by her burgesses, "We will neither ourselves import nor purchase any slave or slaves imported by any other person from Africa, the West Indies, or any other place." None doubted that such action involved the disappearance of slavery. But when the times of manumission arrived, in States whose climate was unfriendly to negroes, Virginia was found fast in the coils of the system. In 1790 she had 293,427 slaves, more than seven times the number of the northern States combined. The institution had become rooted in far-reaching interests and relations; the efforts of her statesmen were in vain. But the Virginian of the old school remained antislavery. Governor Edmund Randolph, urging ratification of the Federal Constitution, met the suggestion that there was a possibility of negro freedom under it, by pronouncing such an objection dishonorable to the State. Yet these antislavery Virginians held slaves. There is an obvious anomaly in the hero of independence inheriting from his mother "my nigroe Boy George;" but for a hundred years emancipation had been forbidden, unless with provision for a transportation which could only remove the negroes to some wilderness. The restriction on emancipation was originally intended to prevent cruel masters from so turning adrift aged and infirm negroes no longer useful. The antislavery gentleman retained his negroes and their increase at much sacrifice. Travers Daniel, of Crow's Nest—one of the Stafford justices who refused to execute the Stamp Act—owned many slaves; yet

* *History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade*, I., 46. Dr. Brook, Sec. Va. Hist. Soc., has written a valuable *résumé* of the history of slavery in Virginia, in his preface to the "Charter of the Royal African Company." The early record of Virginia concerning slavery is well stated in an oration delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the new City Hall, Richmond, April 5, 1887, by Judge Wellford, a native of Fredericksburg.

he imported English window-curtains on which were pictures of Granville Sharpe striking chains from negroes; and if half of his negroes had been inspired by the curtains to run away he would have been a wealthier man. The same was true of his neighbors. The perils of immediate emancipation of so large a number of Africans amid a white population scarcely exceeding them may now appear phantasmal; but the African was much less civilized then than now, and no community would have ventured on such an experiment. So the antislavery sentiment turned to the work of colonization, on which Hon. Charles Fenton Mercer induced the legislature to enter, December 16, 1816. Not only Mercer, but others of Fredericksburg and vicinity—Wm. H. Fitzhugh, P. V. Daniel, Jr., Judge Moncure, John M. Patton—worked for this cause. "Monrovia" was named after their townsman, who, as Chief Magistrate, did much for Liberia. None of these gentlemen doubted that they were engaged in the only practicable kind of emancipation. The movement assumed that slavery was a great evil. That conviction was almost universal until about forty years ago. Judge Crump, of Richmond, informs me that he remembers publicly advocating the annexation of Texas, on the ground that it would open a gateway by which the negro race might leave the Union and pass into congenial tropical regions. The pro-slavery reaction was superinduced by various causes: indignation at northern and British interference, combined with a great rise in the value of slaves, made a fertile soil for a new sociology.

In 1847 John Moncure Daniel, a native of Stafford, became editor of the *Richmond Examiner*—a paper which, up to the time when its editor was made *chargé d'affaires* at Turin, wielded an influence unexampled in southern journalism. He was but twenty-two years of age when he undertook the *Examiner*, but he was a scholar, had studied law, had devoured a public library of which he had been made librarian, and he was a man of genius. Thackeray got hold of some of his writings in England, and visited him in Richmond. His humor, if inexhaustible, was bitter, and several times led him into duels.* He was a vehement partisan, and espoused the democratic side in politics; but he was also an Emersonian; and his philosophical and candid intellect found difficulty in harmonizing slavery with his radical ideas of liberty and equality. Daniel informed

* His last duel was with Mr. Elmore, Treasurer of the Confederate States, by whom he was challenged, and by whom he was wounded. He had been previously wounded, while serving on the staff of General A. P. Hill, and had resumed the conduct of his paper. The last number of the *Examiner*, which appeared on the day before the evacuation of Richmond, contained the announcement of its editor's death (March 30, 1865). His literary productions have not yet been collected. His biography of Stonewall Jackson was published in England.

me himself of his misgivings, and I have reason to believe that he might have turned out an antislavery heretic had it not been for the appearance of Carlyle's pamphlet on *The Nigger Question*. This essay was fairly emblazoned on the *Richmond Examiner*, and streamed out like a standard. The negro was justly enslaved, because he was not a man in the sense of the Declaration of Independence. A new anthropology sprang up in support of this view, but few believed it. The new theology which defended the patriarchal system was more effective. Apart from these views, George Fitzhugh, of King George, wrote a pamphlet in which slavery was central in a new sociology. Thus, by one path or another, a novel kind of radicalism—a negative counterpart of northern abolitionism—entered college, press, and pulpit. Daniel's brilliant writings were very effective in Fredericksburg, where he had studied law (with Judge Lomax), and where he had many friends and relatives. One of the latter, the late Greenhow Daniel, was editor of the *Democratic Recorder* (Fredericksburg), which also espoused the new pro-slavery doctrine.

While Young Virginia was hastening to the new standard, Old Virginia never tired of its conservatism. But events conspired to make Fredericksburg an especial battle-field of the contending principles. The division of the Methodist Episcopal Church (1844), caused by the suspension of a slave-holding bishop (Andrews), brought conflict into the large congregation at Fredericksburg. The town was on the border between the Virginia and Baltimore Conferences, while belonging to the latter. The antislavery traditions of Methodism had been once strong enough to suspend from his local ministry the founder of the society, Rev. John Kobler, because he had married a wife (the widow Early) who refused to part with her slaves. The old Wesleyan testimony now held at Fredericksburg its southmost stronghold, which was defended by powerful preachers (notably the Rev. Norval Wilson) against eloquent champions of the pro-slavery principle, of whom was Rev. Dr. William Smith, sometime President of Randolph Macon College. The pro-slavery elements at length seceded and built a church of



JOHN M. DANIEL,

Editor of the Examiner, Richmond, Virginia.

their own; and, indeed, it was not until 1865 that the two societies were finally consolidated under the Methodist Church South.

It must not be supposed that this pro-slavery reaction had affected the masses generally, or that Virginia could have been induced to take up arms merely for the sake of slavery. It was for her ancient principle of State sovereignty that Virginia made herself a battle-field. While Lee was leading the armies of the Confederacy, in his house was a will emancipating his slaves. General Lee was still a representative of the old-school Virginian, and of no community was he so especially the son as this of Fredericksburg, near which he and his wife and their ancestors were born. Lee had no belief in the doctrine of State sovereignty, and admitted frankly, "Secession is nothing but revolution." Yet his sentiment toward Virginia was filial; he could not strike his Mother.

The year 1860 found Fredericksburg and Falmouth with, together, about 7,000 inhabitants, prosperous, enjoying social and commercial relations with the northern States, and attached to the Union. The Bell and Everett ticket carried the town, as it did the State, in the presidential election. When a State Convention was called to consider the question of dissolution, the secession candidate, Judge W. S. Barton, was defeated by John L. Marye, Sr., the Union delegate. Judge Barton was, indeed, voted for by some eminent citizens, but not with a light heart. The aged and learned Judge Lomax, who was supported to the polls, is said to have shed tears when voting for secession. It was only when the President demanded Virginia's quota of troops that the old town abandoned all hope of a peaceable settlement. After the Secession Ordinance passed at Richmond, April 17, 1861, opportunity was offered Unionists to leave the neighborhood; thereupon a little procession of farmers, chiefly poor, passed through the town in wagons, with their families and furniture, some following on foot, on their way northward. Some gentlemen who had espoused the cause of secession were, nevertheless, moved by this silent and sad company of exiles, and treated them with respect. The enthusiasm of the town arose when its eminent sons, Lieutenant M. F. Maury and Captain Maury, formerly a Professor at West Point, returned to share the fortunes of their State.

Fredericksburg was soon occupied by a Confederate force. The young men all entered service under officers of high position.* In February,

* The Fredericksburg volunteer troops, infantry and artillery, embraced among their officers Generals Daniel Ruggles, Carter L. Stevenson, Seth Barton; Colonels Robert S. Chew, Carter M. Braxton, Morton Marye, A. A. Little, William Green, Charles Richardson; Majors W. S. Barton, Seth B. French, Temple Doswell, W. Roy Mason, J. G. Mason, Elliot M. Braxton, Charles Green,

1862, the Confederate President visited the town with General Joseph E. Johnston, who remarked to the mayor that "Fredericksburg, in a military view, is right in the wrong place," and it was evacuated April 17. As the young soldiers marched away through streets lined with their weeping relatives, a conflagration was consuming the bridges of the Rappahannock and the steamer and vessels at the wharf. On the following day General

Augur took possession of the heights on the northern side of the river. Without resistance General Patrick assumed provost command of Fredericksburg (April 27), fixing his headquarters at the old Farmers' Bank. Under him and his successors, Generals Rufus King, J. F. Reynolds, Irwin McDowell, and Captain Mansfield, for four months amicable relations prevailed between the town and its occupiers. The letters, now before me, exchanged between the municipal authorities on one side and the military on the other, are so

genial that the people could hardly have been prepared for the rough visage of war they were soon to behold. General King uses the seized Confederate corn to relieve the inhabitants, whenever the mayor declares the



MARVE HOUSE.

[On the site of the first important house built in Fredericksburg.]

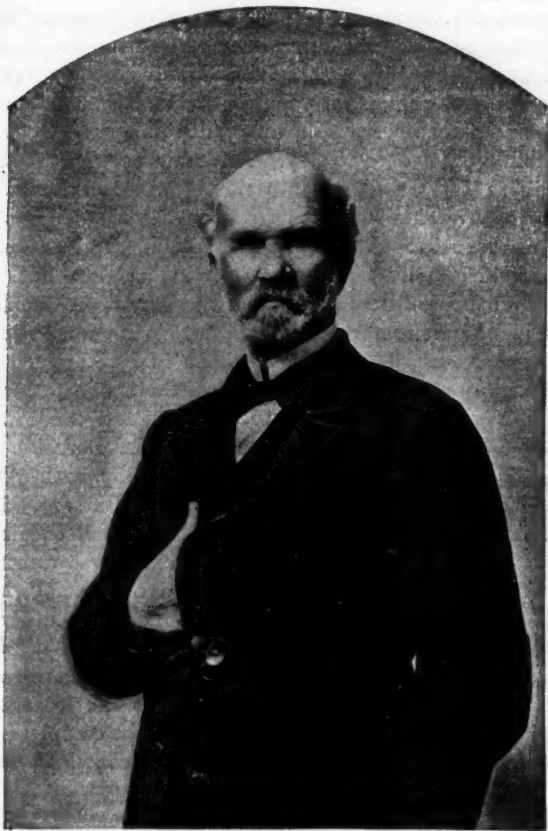
St. George R. Fitzhugh, Frank S. Forbes, J. H. Lacy, T. P. Wallace, Joseph Ficklin; Captains Wistar Wallace, Edward Marye, John P. Smith, R. W. Adams, C. M. Crutchfield, Hugh S. Doggett, J. W. Sener, J. L. Stansbury, Murray Taylor, J. H. Bradley; Cadets (V. M. I.) W. L. Slaughter, Gray Doswell, J. P. Corbin, Bowie Gray, J. F. Tackett.

necessity in any case, and the quantity required. The general's polite package of northern newspapers is acknowledged by the mayor with regrets that he cannot reciprocate. The town was represented by gentlemen of fine tact—Mayor (now Judge) Slaughter, William A. Little, Recorder, and the council, occasionally summoning to their aid the older residents left in the place. The mayor writes graciously in reply to an invitation to meet President Lincoln—who visited the place May 23, on occasion of the magnificent review of troops, now historic—but declines. When General Reynolds was taken prisoner by the Confederate army, the grateful citizens of Fredericksburg petitioned for his release and secured it.

When the mayor returned from Richmond, on that occasion, he found two gentlemen of the neighborhood under arrest, and successfully interceded for them. This was in July, 1862. General Burnside being Division Commander at Chatham (Lacy House), the mayor and John L. Marye, Jr., waited on him on Sunday, as the church-bells were ringing. General Burnside, not yet dressed, hearing their voices outside his tent, called to his adjutant, "Richmond, bring Mr. Slaughter in here. I know him." "I suppose," said Burnside, after shaking hands, "you remember when I was here at Dabney Maury's wedding? Do you remember how we all got drunk, and you put me to bed at Mr. Barton's? Bob, bring out some champagne and whisky and ice." The Fredericksburg gentlemen then explained that they had come to ask for the release of William P. Taylor, of Hayfield, and William I. Dickinson, of Chestnut Valley, imprisoned in a corn-house near by. General Burnside, learning that the two gentlemen had been arrested for "furnishing supplies, and probably information, to the enemy," asked the mayor if the charges were true. "As to provisions," answered the mayor, "no man ever went to either of those houses and left empty." "Are they instigators?" asked Burnside. "No doubt they are deeply interested, as southern men, in their cause, but I doubt if they ever instigated war." "What should be done?" asked Burnside. "Both are old men," said the mayor; "I propose that you turn them over to me, and, if you will trust my honor, I will produce them to answer any charges." "I agree cheerfully," said Burnside. Nothing more was ever heard of the charges.

In the latter part of July, 1862, the Mayor of Fredericksburg was arrested, and with him state's attorney Thomas B. Barton, Thomas F. Knox, Charles C. Wellford, Rev. W. F. Broadus, John F. Scott, Dr. James Cooke, John J. Berrey, George H. C. Rowe, James McGuire, John H. Roberts, John Coakley, Benjamin Temple, Abram Cox, Beverly T. Gill,

W. H. Norton, M. Ames, Lewis Wren. These eminent citizens were marched over to the Lacy House. On meeting General Burnside the mayor



W. Slaughter mayor

said, pleasantly, "General, I have been a labor-saving machine for you in Fredericksburg. I hope, if you can't get along there, you'll send for me." "The arrests are not by my order," said Burnside, "but that of Secretary

Stanton." Refreshments were brought out, and the prisoners were treated respectfully, but, having refused to take the oath of allegiance, were sent to the Old Capitol prison and there confined for about two months, when they were exchanged. Mr. Barton,* being in weak health, was allowed to go to the residence of his son-in-law, Frederick Brune, in Baltimore. Colonel Wood, superintendent of the prison, treated them kindly. They were allowed to hear a sermon from one of the Virginian prisoners, Rev. Mr. Leachman. Colonel Wood announced: "All you who want to hear the Gospel according to Abe Lincoln, go down to No. 17. All you who want to hear the Gospel according to Jeff Davis, go into the area." Leachman, a hard-shell Baptist of Prince William County, preached a very long sermon, in the course of which he said: "We are in the lions' den. The same God who delivered Daniel can deliver us from this tyrannical keeper." The keeper was present, and the Southerners thought this would get them into trouble, but Colonel Wood only remarked to the preacher, "Old gentleman, I wish, when you preach here next time, you wouldn't be so damned personal."

Secretary Stanton ordered the removal of the Provost Marshal at Fredericksburg, who was thought to be too lenient, and the town suffered a severe *régime*. On the last day of August, 1862, Burnside fell back to protect Washington. The people shouted for joy.† For two months the town had respite from military occupation. But early in November Colonel W. A. Ball, who held the town with a small cavalry force, was informed by Lee that the Army of the Potomac was moving on Fredericksburg, and that if he (Ball) could retard the enemy, he would be re-enforced. When Sumner's Corps of 12,000, on November 17, planted their 20 guns on the northern side of the river, Colonel Ball had only 520 men (42d Mississippi), but by feints and carefully distributed firing he managed to keep his antagonists uncertain as to the force before them. For that reason, and because the pontons were not complete, the Federal forces made no attempt to cross the river. Meanwhile General Lee's

* A son of Lieutenant Seth Barton, of Rhode Island, who, after gallant service in the Revolution, before he was twenty years old, married a daughter of General Maxwell. Their eldest son was Thomas B. Barton, mentioned elsewhere, born in 1792. In 1796-97 the family moved to Kenmore, in Fredericksburg. Thomas B. Barton was appointed, by Judge Lomax, Commonwealth's Attorney, between 1831 and 1835, and held that office continuously until removed by the United States authorities in the "reconstruction period." He died in 1871, in his eightieth year. His son, Judge William S. Barton, of Fredericksburg (born 1820), was elected to the bench by the legislature in 1870.

† Their joy was soon turned to mourning, however; for of the 30th Va. Infantry, which fought under Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Chew at Antietam (Sept. 17), 62 were killed, 111 wounded, all being from Fredericksburg and its vicinity.

army was rushing along the roads from Culpeper and Orange, and on the 20th was in the rear of Fredericksburg.

On that day General Lee requested a conference with the mayor, who, accompanied by Recorder Little and Douglas Gordon, a councilman, met the Confederate commander and his staff at Snowden, residence of John L. Stansbury. Lee was in much sorrow at the prospect before the old town, with which he had many affectionate associations. "It is hard," he



FALMOUTH.

[From a painting by W. O. Hazard.]

said, "that the inhabitants of a town should be subjected to the calamities of a war for which they are not responsible. For myself, I will not fire a gun on Fredericksburg under any circumstances." "General," said one of the citizens, "do not mind us. If you can whip the enemy, we will suffer anything. Our citizens have deputed us to say that they do not wish to be considered at all if the exigencies of the Confederacy require the town to be shelled." "Possibly," said Lee, "the town may soon be a battlefield. I will provide transportation for all who desire to leave." "Then," said the mayor, "I understand the people of the town must fear the worst." "Yes, they must fear the worst." "But let them hope for the best," said Longstreet.

On the following day (Nov. 21), General Patrick, who, as provost, had been so magnanimous to the town, came under a flag of truce, bearing a letter from General Sumner to the mayor and council, stating that under cover of the houses shots had been fired at his troops, that the mills and manufactories were furnishing supplies to rebels, all of which must terminate. "By direction of Major-General Burnside, commanding this army, I accordingly demand the surrender of the city into my hands, as the representative of the Government of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon. Failing an affirmative reply to this demand by the time indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the city of the women and children, the sick, wounded, and aged; which period having elapsed, I shall proceed to shell the town." Colonel Ball met General Patrick in a log-house near a part of the river called "French Johns," and told him that the letter must first be referred to the military authorities. General Patrick remained in the log-house from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M., during which time the letter had been read by General Lee—of whose presence in the neighborhood he (Patrick) was unaware—and replied to by the mayor in accordance with Lee's directions. This answer stated that the letter had not reached him in time for reply by five o'clock; that the shots were those of the Confederate force holding the town; that the other acts complained of would not recur; and that, though the Confederate troops would not occupy the town, neither would they permit the Federal troops to do so. Knowing that this answer would bring on the town the fire of both armies, General Lee advised speedy removal of the inhabitants, and furnished every facility in his power. But the ordeal was terrible. On the morning of the 22d it was evident that the Federal army meant to cross the river, and no time could be lost. After all trains of cars had departed, filled with refugees, there followed all the vehicles of the place, loaded with women and children, and then a long procession of people on foot, trudging through the snow. There is no near town or village to the south of Fredericksburg; even houses are sparse; and many a fainting lady and benumbed child sought shelter in the cabins of negroes or tents of soldiers. For during all this time the negroes in and around Fredericksburg had been faithful friends to the whites. The sight of these women and children, flying through the snow past their tents, had a tremendous effect upon the Confederate troops who witnessed the scene. Indeed, the whole South was moved, and nearly \$200,000 was contributed for the relief of the sufferers.*

* General Long, in his valuable *Life of Lee*, publishes a letter of Lee to his little daughter, Agnes, December 26, 1862. "I have only," he says, "seen the ladies in this vicinity when flying



FALLS OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.
[One mile above Fredericksburg.]

General Lee had announced that he would fire two guns as a signal when the struggle was at hand. On December 11, when Burnside attempted to

from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. But a more noble spirit was never displayed anywhere. The faces of old and young were wreathed with smiles and glowed with happiness at their sacrifices for the good of their country. Many have lost *everything*. What the fire and shells of the enemy spared their pillagers destroyed. But God will shelter them, I know. So much heroism will not be unregarded." Among the contributors to the relief fund were negroes. The Rev. R. R. Howison (then a lawyer at Richmond, but more widely known as a historian of Virginia) did much service to his native town in this emergency. P. V. Daniel, Jr. (once a law-student in Fredericksburg), sent up, at his own expense, about fifty passenger and box cars, by which he saved many lives. Among the letters of this time I find one from Ann Maury, returning to the mayor a considerable sum, sent from the relief fund, desiring that it be given to some one needier than herself. This is no evidence that the lady (whose husband, Lieutenant M. F. Maury, was in Europe) did not share the general distress, but it is characteristic of her family. Her brother, Captain Herndon (father of President Arthur's wife), heroically sank with his ship, the *Central America*, after saving the passengers; another brother, Dr. Dabney Herndon, died at Mobile of yellow fever, a martyr to duty; a nephew, Dr. James Carmichael Herndon, went to Fernandina to fight the same plague, and shared a like fate.

cross the Rappahannock on pontons, the signal was heard. Barksdale's brigades having opened on the bridges with sharp musketry, the bombardment began. For twelve hours shot and shell were poured on the streets and houses. Amid all the ruins which were left—and of which John Elder, a Fredericksburg artist, a few days later made a picture—only four persons lay dead. This is wonderful, for a considerable number had remained. One of Mrs. Beale's children was struck by a spent ball, but not killed. The brother of this lady, R. R. Howison, historian of Virginia, gives in his pamphlet extracts from her diary and letters. In one of these she describes her flight during the bombardment. "Just at dark we heard your uncle's voice again calling 'Come out; I have an ambulance at the back door, and you must not stay to get a single thing. They are in town, only a square off, and you must be gone at once.' We needed no second call, but, wrapping the blankets around us, we rushed through the yard over the branches of trees. The palings were all down, and the yard was plowed up, and we stepped over many a ball and fragment of shell in our hasty progress to the ambulance. Our driver put the whip to his horses, and we tore through the town at a rate that at any other time would have frightened me for the safety of our lives, but now seemed all too slow for our anxiety to be beyond the reach of those fearful shot and shell which were still crashing through the streets and tearing the houses to pieces. I never ventured to look back until we reached the top of the high hill beyond the mill, and then the scene was so awfully grand and terrible that I cannot venture upon its description. The railroad bridge across Hazel Run was burning, and large fires at several points in the town. There were hundreds of camp-fires, around which bands of men under arms were gathered, and the road was lined with soldiers, wagons, and ambulances. Every object could be distinguished, even the fierce, swarthy countenances of our soldiers, every one of whom looked defiance toward the foe who had caused the destruction of our homes."

The writer has had many interviews with persons who were in Fredericksburg at this time, but can only allude to a few of the incidents. Recorder Little and Major Seddon (brother of the Confederate Secretary of War) dressed by the light of flashing guns and shells, and traveled the streets by little dashes until they were compelled to take refuge in a cellar. Little went back to get a favorite mare, but as he was leading it a shell burst over him and he had to leave her. He found his way through the rain of fire and reached Richmond unharmed. Aged Mr. Reuben T. Thom, for many years Postmaster of Fredericksburg, took his seat in a chair in his yard beside his burning house, and could hardly be persuaded

to leave. Mayor Slaughter's wife and Mrs. John F. Scott were driven by a faithful colored man, George Triplett, who encountered a storm of shot to bear them to a place of safety. The mayor made his escape with his son in a buggy to Mansfield, residence of Arthur Bernard, where he remained, with John L. Marye, Sr., till near sunset, when the bombardment ceased. Among the local anecdotes is one of an old lady who tied

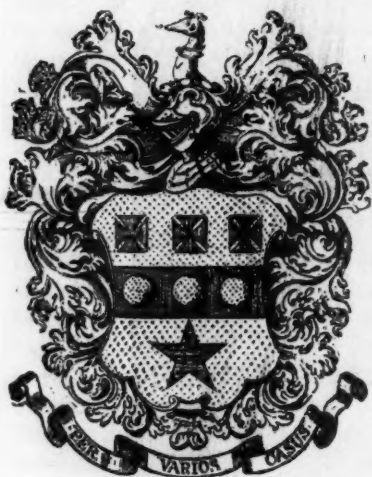


PART OF STONE WALL, FOOT OF HILL.

a napkin on a broomstick and started to leave her cellar, declaring her intention to surrender. Her husband, however, would not allow the white flag to be shown. One whose conscience was not peaceful seized a pious negro and compelled him to pray for him. An old resident suddenly discovered that he was a British citizen, and raised the Union Jack over his house for protection. The Federals mistook it for some kind of Confederate device, and carefully riddled the house.

"Laying the pontons at Fredericksburg" is the subject of one of

Prang's War Pictures. After thirteen hours of unsuccessful efforts Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter, with seventy-five Michigan men (7th), bravely pushed across the river, in six boats, and carried the position with slight loss, and captured thirty-one prisoners. Captain Hazley and one hundred New York men (89th) had a like success below the town, capturing sixty-four. Three pontons were built, and the Confederates retired. When the Federal troops first took possession, the looting was excessive and the destruction great. Their generals tried to prevent this, and beside the pontons were piles of articles taken from the plunderers. Among the colored people with whom I conversed were Mr. and Mrs.



ARMS OF JOHN MERCER.

Washington Wright. "The bombard-
ing began between five and six," said
Mr. Wright, "and continued all day.
The soldiers when they came in got
a hearse and loaded it with pillage.
They took away my wagon and tried
to take my horse, but an officer—Lieu-
tenant Sherman, I think his name was
—was eating here, and he saved my
horse for me. They cut down our cur-
tains and cut up our carpets, and car-
ried off all of our bacon. A man
couldn't walk the streets with a watch
on." Mr. Wright, for many years sex-
ton of St. George's Church, met a sol-
dier carrying off the silver chalice. He
at once confronted him. "That cup
belongs to the church," he said, "and
you must give it up. I'll tell you what's

on it; it was presented by old Mr. John Gray, of Travellers' Rest." The soldier gave up the cup. The rest of this church plate was, I believe, afterwards returned from the North.

On the 13th of December, 1862, was fought the great battle of Fredericksburg. Shortly before, Lee asked General Alexander, chief of artillery on Marye's Heights, about his defenses, and was answered, "A chicken could not live on that field before us." A balloon was got ready, and General Butterfield entered it to discover what troops defended Marye's Heights. He had ascended about two hundred feet, when, just as he might hope to see the enemy, he was drawn back by the rope and told that the advance had begun. Whatever familiarity General Burnside may

have had with the old hospitalities of Fredericksburg, he could have known very little of its localities. Between his army and Marye's Heights there is "Sandy Bottom," an ancient river-bed—where was "Liberty," the suburb of free negroes—a place more suitable than any engineering could contrive for the grave of an army. Into that grave his soldiers were falling for eight hours. Five times they were beaten back; five times they rallied; at last the heaviest column of assault was organized by Butterfield, headed by Humphrey's division—and it was overwhelmed within sixty paces of the volcano's mouth of flame. Fifteen thousand Federal soldiers lay on that field. It was difficult to walk the streets next day without treading on a corpse. During the struggle Burnside was at Phillips' House in Stafford, two miles from the scene of slaughter at Marye's Heights. There, after an interview with General Butterfield, General Hooker had gone to protest against further massacre, only to be taunted, and to bear back an order for advance. Henry Villard, then a *Tribune* correspondent, carried to Washington the terrible tidings. He left the town at night, reached Acquia in the morning, was rowed by negroes to the middle of the Potomac, where he got on a steamer. That night (14th) he saw the President. It would be interesting to know whether Burnside was telegraphed an order for retreat. General Burnside had mourned all night over the calamities, but would have commanded an assault next day had it not been for his generals. A tremendous storm aided the retreat across the river during the night of December 15. On the 17th five hundred Union men came under flag of truce to bury their dead. These were afterwards removed from those hasty ditches and trenches to the National Cemetery, along with the thousands who died in the churches and other edifices, mostly honeycombed by the bombardment.

The illusions and uncertainties of war are strikingly illustrated in this Fredericksburg campaign. The Federal troops, on their arrival in November, did not venture to cross the river, because they supposed Lee's army to be there. When he really was there they supposed him absent, and summoned the municipal authorities to surrender. Into the first mistake they were led by the strategy of Colonel Ball; into the second, perhaps, by the humanity of Lee. The Union generals could hardly have imagined that they could be permitted to assemble from day to day at their headquarters, Chatham (Lacy House), within easy reach of Lee's guns. Major Lacy, owner of that old mansion, states that he suggested to General Lee that it should be shelled, and that Lee declined, on Christian grounds, and because of his personal associations with Chatham. If so,



SKETCH OF FREDERICKSBURG AFTER
Presented to Moncure D. Conway,

Lee's sentiment may have served him strategically, in leading Burnside on to destruction. The failure of Lee to follow up his victory at Marye's Heights has also been ascribed to his unwillingness to shell Fredericksburg. The local opinion, as expressed to me by the mayor, is that "after the battle Lee confidently expected a renewal of the attack, and was surprised at Burnside's retreat, and had no conception of the extent of his own victory and the disastrous blow to the enemy until too late to make it complete." This is Lee's own explanation. The verdict of military critics on his failure to shell the town on the 14th or 15th is generally that of the English author of *The Campaign of Fredericksburg*: "Not for the only time in his life his judgment gave way to his humanity." But one or two facts, which I have not seen in print, may here be mentioned. On Sunday afternoon (14th) two mounted Federal officers were discovered by the Confederates reconnoitering the ground of the previous day's struggle. These officers, whom I have ascertained to be Generals Butterfield and Sturgis, were fired at, and barely escaped. Their survey followed a visit of Burnside to Sturgis, in the town, during which he ordered Sturgis to prepare to lead the Ninth Corps against Marye's Heights the following day (15th). Lee's expectation (perhaps information) was therefore correct. Even after influences brought to bear during the night had induced Burnside to countermand this order to Sturgis, and command a retreat across the river, he resolved to leave a corps (5th) on the southern bank. From this he was dissuaded only at a late hour on the evening of the 15th, when the Fifth Corps was ordered to cover the general retreat. A little before midnight Butterfield sent around men to awaken several thousand ex-



THE BATTLE DECEMBER 13, 1862.

By the artist, John A. Elder.

hausted soldiers sleeping in cellars, holes, and corners. Before daybreak he had the entire army out of its *cul de sac* and on the northern side of the river.

After the great battle of Fredericksburg the northern and southern armies wintered on opposite banks of the Rappahannock; and, though there were frequent artillery duels between the Stafford and the Spottsylvania Heights, a friendlier spirit had sprung up between the antagonists. The courage with which the Union soldiers had advanced to certain death at Marye's Heights had commanded the respect of the Southerners, and contact with them in their helpless agonies in Fredericksburg houses moved their sympathy. The northern soldiers could not but respect a foe so valiant. The Federal bands played beside the river, and the Confederates sometimes heard "Dixie" follow "Yankee Doodle," while hearts on both sides were touched by the theme of "Home, Sweet Home." On an incident of this kind John R. Thompson, of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, wrote a pathetic poem. A friendly exchange of coffee for tobacco and of newspapers went on across the river—little plank boats being used at low tide for the smuggling—and greetings were sometimes heard between the "Yanks" and "Johnny Rebs," as they called each other. Walt Whitman, the poet (whose brother was wounded in one of the battles at Fredericksburg), began his hospital ministrations at Falmouth. In his diary he writes, December 21, 1862: "Spent a good part of the day in a large brick mansion on the banks of the Rappahannock, used as a hospital. . . . At the foot of a tree within ten yards of the front of the house I notice a heap of amputated feet, legs, arms, hands, etc., a full load for a one-horse cart.

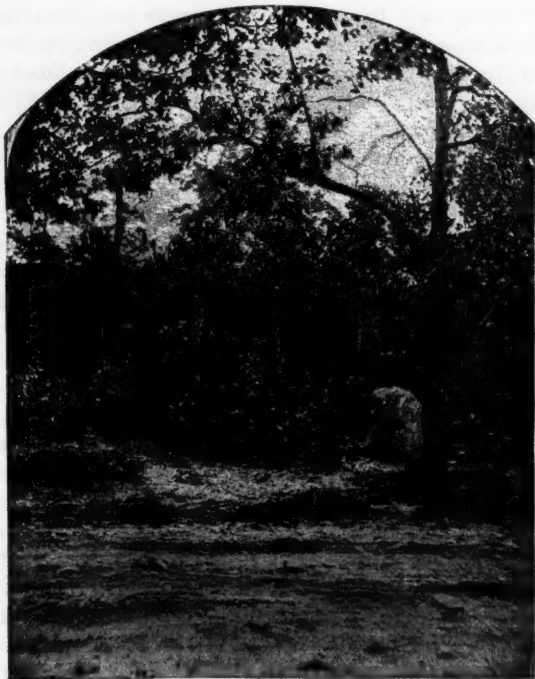
Several dead bodies lie near, each covered with its brown woolen blanket. In the door-yard toward the river are fresh graves, mostly of officers."* Walt Whitman asked one of the soldiers who lay fifty hours on the field at Fredericksburg how the rebels treated him. "A couple of them who were together spoke roughly and sarcastically, nothing worse. One middle-aged man, however, who seemed to be moving around the field among the dead and wounded for benevolent purposes, came to him in a way he would never forget; treated our soldier kindly, bound up his wounds, cheered him, gave him a couple of biscuits and a drink of whisky and water, asked him if he could eat some beef," etc.

With May, 1863, another war storm broke over Fredericksburg. Sedgwick had carried Marye's Heights on his way to support Hooker at Chancellorsville. Both generals met with disaster, and the army of the former was again driven back across the Rappahannock. Yet it was at Chancellorsville that the Confederacy received its death-blow; at a spot not many miles from Fredericksburg, now marked by a stone, fell Stonewall Jackson (May 3). He was shot by his own men, who, in the dusk, mistook him and his staff for cavalry of the enemy. While he was being borne, wounded, to the rear, the fire was so severe that a litter-bearer was killed, and the others sought shelter. Major Leigh, Captain Morrison, and Lieutenant Smith lay down beside their chief to protect him with their bodies. He died (May 10) at the house of Mr. Chandler, near Fredericksburg.† There was a belief among the negroes of the town that one of their number saw this fall of Jackson on the field, in a vision, at the time of its occurrence. In conversation with the supposed "seer" I found that his vision had been fitted on to the fact after its occurrence, but also that for him and his race in the neighborhood Stonewall Jackson had been invested with quasi-supernatural attributes. Nay, even General Long mentions the falling of Jackson's sword (which was leaning against a tree) "without *apparent* cause," as having so impressed him that he was not surprised when tidings of the general's wound, the same day, reached him.

* When the Federal forces first entered Falmouth, April, 1862, a shot fired from the neighborhood of this house wounded one of them. His enraged comrades entered the deserted building and were about to destroy it. But, as I have been informed, one of the soldiers recognized on the wall the portrait of a friend, and it was spared. The owner, then in Fredericksburg, visited the wounded man, who, in reply to an expression of sympathy, exclaimed: "I glory in it, sir." This first hospital is the lower of two brick houses on the riverside street.

† A few weeks before the town also received a blow from its friends. Mansfield, the historic residence of the Pages and Bernards, was burned by the carelessness of some North Carolina troops.

And now multitudes of refugees, chiefly the old and infirm, pressed into the town, and a famine was threatened. During the summer and winter of 1863-64, when Fredericksburg was without military occupation, the corporation had to wage a war of their own against the hunger and cold which threatened this new and invalid population. They struggled



ROCK THAT MARKS THE SPOT WHERE JACKSON FELL.

bravely and successfully, but it was with a sad certainty that their town would soon be again between the upper and nether millstones. In the spring of 1864 the grinding began. From Grant's battles on the field where Jackson fell, the Wilderness—really the same as Chancellorsville—and Spottsylvania Court House, thousands of wounded men were sent to Fredericksburg. At this time (May 8) sixty Union soldiers, all slightly wounded, entered the town, asking to surrender. The mayor being sent for, said: "I am not an officer, and cannot accept your surrender. Where

are you from?" "We have been in hell fire and don't mean to go any more." The mayor sent them to Fitzhugh Lee, at Hamilton's Crossing; he, however, had fallen back, and the deserters went on to Guinea Station, whence they were taken to Libby Prison. Soon after the mayor found himself pursued by soldiers, but was rescued by the same colored man, Triplett, who had saved his wife during the bombardment. He brought horses in the night, and the mayor rode with but little rest until he reached General Lee at Hanover. It seems that in his absence other wounded stragglers who came into the town, to the number of one hundred and fifty, were required to surrender, and sent to Richmond; an imprudence which led to the arrest by Grant of fifty-six citizens of the town. These were imprisoned at Fort Delaware, but were soon exchanged.

Fifteen thousand is the corporation's estimate of the number of wounded Federal soldiers brought into Fredericksburg after Grant's three battles in the neighborhood, just mentioned. The town, whose normal shelter for a population of five or six thousand had been diminished by the destructions of war, now had a population of twenty thousand. According to the record of the corporation (1883), "the suffering, disease, and sorrow endured by the people of Fredericksburg were greater than any that had previously visited them. Notwithstanding all this, truth demands the record and admission that these scenes of horror were greatly mitigated by many acts of courtesy and considerate aid on the part of Federal officers, which are kindly remembered, even at this late day, by many of our citizens who were participants in the scenes referred to." The trouble was aggravated by some Federal soldiers who threw a dead body into the reservoir, rendering it necessary to shut off the water supply. The deaths were enormous. Nearly forty thousand soldiers lie in the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg. Among those who did noble service at Fredericksburg was the late Rev. William Henry Channing, as is fully told in O. B. Frothingham's biography of that faithful man. Channing had aided Helen Gilson in the tent hospital near Falmouth after Burnside's disaster; after Chancellorsville he worked in the Presbyterian Sunday-school rooms, Fredericksburg, which were filled with the wounded; and after the battles of May, 1864, in the hospital on Marye's Heights, until the town was evacuated on account of Grant's advance. He slept in the Rowe House, on a bedstead of barrels, amid hams and salt fish, with W. H. Reed, in whose *Hospital Life* these scenes are described. The day before his arrival sixteen thousand fresh troops passed through to re-enforce Grant, their bright uniforms ornamented with the flowers thrown to them in Washing-

ton. "Within twenty-four hours five hundred men were brought back, bleeding, wounded, dead, or dying, some of them carrying in their breasts the same roses, scarcely faded, and now stained with blood." There Channing baptized a dying boy. "I shall feel better then, for father always wanted me to be baptized," said the boy. The ceremony was in the open field, where soon after the lad was buried. Through "streets and sidewalks strewn with wounded men," Channing followed with the mournful procession which marched to Belle Plain, in Stafford, where, over nine of the dead, were uttered his touching prayers.

From this time Fredericksburg was not again occupied by either army. After the surrender at Appomattox Sherman marched through on his way to the capital, and also Meade, who passed the day there while his troops were passing through. General Meade sent for Mayor Slaughter and John L. Marye, Jr. "I need no introduction to you," he said; "I shall never forget your kindness in securing the release of my dear friend, General Reynolds." In the course of the conversation General Meade asked "Who would be the most acceptable man as governor of this State?" The mayor suggested John Minor Botts. "How would the people like General Robert E. Lee?" Both gentlemen having expressed their belief that every man, woman, and child would be gratified at such a selection, General Meade added: "That is my idea of a restoration."

The next visit of General Lee to Fredericksburg was as a delegate to an Episcopal convention. Many northern people were now in the neighborhood, and pressed around the general, desiring introductions, and manifesting warm admiration for him. Lee was, indeed, as a gentleman remarked, "attacked by the Yankees again." A Richmond lady remarked to me: "Our heaviest troubles came when peace broke out." But Richmond had known no such tragedies as those of Fredericksburg. The old town on the Rappahannock underwent several painful years of "reconstruction" after the war, but it endured patiently, kept on good terms with the colored population, repaired its churches and public edifices, and added to these a park, a public library, free schools, and an opera-house. Congress has undertaken to complete and renovate the monument of the mother of Washington, blackened and scarred with shot and shell. From it may be seen on one side the falls where Captain John Smith landed in 1608; on the other a national necropolis; between these stretches only a morning's walk, but every step of it is on ground consecrated by brave histories, and every wayside flower is a drop of blood from the heart of a man.

Moncure D. Conway

GOVERNOR ROBERT MONCKTON

Our frontispiece this month presents the fine military face and figure of one of the colonial governors of New York under the British king, of whom little is known by the average American of the present generation. Major-General Robert Monckton was the son of John, Viscount Galway, and, being educated with precision, entered the British army in 1742, where he quickly distinguished himself in active service. In 1753, at Halifax, his American life and experiences commenced. The following year he was made governor of Annapolis Royal, and in 1756 became governor of Nova Scotia. The autograph letter written in 1755, at Boston, of which a fac-simile appears on the next page, is preserved in the incomparable collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

The decade was one of stirring events. Great Britain was at war with France, and the battles were chiefly on American soil. Repeated failures exasperated the British ministry, and one general after another was recalled in disgrace. Finally, Sir Jeffrey Amherst was elevated to the chief command, and a campaign against Canada planned on a gigantic basis. Amherst was not a brilliant man, but he inspired public confidence, and America was heartily tired of brilliant men who were continually devising wonderful schemes and accomplishing nothing. Monckton was a brave and highly esteemed officer, and he served under Amherst with credit and distinction. He was also with Wolfe, as second in command, at the capture of Quebec in 1759, and was there severely wounded. When the British army returned to New York from Canada it met with a triumphal reception. No American province had suffered as much from the incursions of the French, and in no other capital were the demonstrations of joy at being relieved from the horrible terrors of savage warfare more solid and sincere. Expensive banquets were given to the victorious officers, which became afterward prolific subjects for criticism in England, for New York seemed to have grown marvelously rich during the war, in spite of her outlays.

But while the war was nominally ended by the reduction of Canada, the French, with malicious intent, continued to generate jealousies and hate among the Indians toward the English; and a multitude of irritating causes kept the whole savage atmosphere of northern New York in a tumult. There was no peace along the borders. The death of the able

Boston May of 19th 1790
Gentlemen

As there are many here
belonging to His Excellency
Gov. Shirley, ^{Provincial} Regt I had have
not as yet said it - You will
in case any number should
come - Cloath them & Hire
a Transport putting Provisions
on Board for their Passage &
Dispatch it to Town one at
Chaque - Sending by the
same Opportunity the remaining
Ball - And Powder as before
Ordered - I am

To Messrs
Arthur Hancock
& Irving

Gentlemen
Gov. M^r V^r &
Prof^r M^r M^r

and accomplished Lieutenant-Governor James De Lancey had resulted in a royal commission to Dr. Cadwallader Colden to fill the office thus vacated, who, being a less popular man, soon brought down vials of wrath upon his aged head from his immediate associates and neighbors. He took a step—his first misstep—which was instantly construed by vigorous thinkers and writers as an attempt to render the judiciary dependent upon the crown, the worst feature of arbitrary power. New York was in a blaze over this, and its Assembly took such action as amazed the British ministry, who pronounced it an “undutiful and indecent opposition to his Majesty’s just rights and authority.”

At this critical juncture Major-General Monckton was appointed governor of New York, and with the usual imposing ceremonies, duly sworn into office, on the 20th of October, 1761. The recent death of George II. (October 25, 1760) dissolved the refractory New York Assembly, and an election in the spring of 1761 had resulted in seven new members. The new king, George III., a daring, self-willed young man of twenty-two, mourned over the war, and asked his lords why it was continued for no definite purpose whatever; and he laughed over the probable increase of the nation’s funds “in making the colonies dance to the tune of obedience.” Monckton’s instructions were sharply drawn—he was expected to revolutionize many things in New York; particularly to revive the laws for billeting and quartering the king’s troops, and otherwise providing for the support of the army and government. Among his counselors were Daniel Horsemanden, John Chambers, William Smith, William Walton, Oliver De Lancey, Benjamin Pratt, the Earl of Stirling, and John Watts. But while England was rejoicing in the near prospect of peace, Spain had formed a secret alliance with France and declared hostilities. Thus Monckton was ordered to lead an expedition against the enemy in the West Indies, and he sailed the last day of November. Seventeen hundred and eighty-seven of his troops were native New Yorkers, and among his officers were General Lyman, General Gates, and Richard Montgomery, all of whom were taking lessons in heroism to be of marvelous value to America later on.

Governor Monckton left the administration of the government with Lieutenant-Governor Colden, who was rigid and exacting, yet notwithstanding he had been forty years a counselor, conversant with every detail of New York affairs, he was more of a scholar than a statesman; he lacked the tact, graces, and personal magnetism of his superior. All manner of knotty questions were coming up, not least of which was a spirited tilt with both New Hampshire and Massachusetts about bound-

ary lines; and Colden was presently at loggerheads in matters of opinion with nearly all his counselors. The correspondence between these gentlemen and Monckton during the absence of the latter is among the most interesting relics of that stormy period. John Watts, polished, witty, and wise, wrote to Monckton on the boundary difficulties, "The case, from the beginning, as I understand it, is simply this: Eternal quarrels subsisted between the borderers, in which several lives were lost, and commissioners were appointed by the different governments to settle a line of jurisdiction, or peace, to prevent the effusion of more blood. I was one of them myself; but we could agree upon nothing their demands were so high. We argued for land to the Connecticut River; they for land to the South Sea. Think how we were to meet."

The governor returned to New York in July, 1762, having captured Martinico in January; but, after a brief stay of eleven months, in which time the people became very much attached to him, the ministry called for his valuable services elsewhere, and he once more left the government of New York with Colden, to the infinite regret of his counselors. Oliver De Lancey wrote to Monckton a few months afterward, thanking him for attention to his boys, who were at school in England, adding: "The situation we are in with Mr. Colden is deplorable, but can't last long." John Watts, about the same time, wrote to Monckton: "Oh, how we pant for a new governor's arrival! Even though he should be as hot as a pepper-pot itself, 'tis better than the venomous stream we at present drink from." Judge Robert R. Livingston, who had been appointed to the bench by Monckton, wrote to him that he was confident Colden had misinterpreted the royal instructions; he believed it was the intention of the ministry that New York should be governed by the laws of England; and that those laws were better known and more strictly adhered to in New York than any other province. William Smith, Jr., wrote that Colden was considered an enemy to New York, and had become the object of suspicion and cordial hatred; and that his "unseasonable attempt to introduce an innovation had inflamed the whole country."

Much as his presence was desired, Governor Monckton did not return to New York, but in 1766 was made governor of Berwick. A dozen years later he was governor of Portsmouth, and occupied a seat in Parliament. He died in 1782. It is said that he was offered a command in the American war, but declined to draw his sword against a people to whom he had, during his ten years' residence in this country, become honorably and sincerely attached.

A HISTORIC MEETING-HOUSE

A MEMORIAL AND REMINISCENCE OF THE OLDEN TIMES

The sketch of the old meeting-house of the First Baptist Church, Salem Street, Boston, was made in 1828, and for over half a century has been preserved with reverent care in the family of Deacon John Sullivan, then senior deacon of the church. It has recently been returned to me, and has reminded me of the circumstances that led to my making the picture, and revives some old memories of the time and place.

The church removed to a new site, corner of Hanover and Union streets, thus the old meeting-house was about to disappear from the scene, and in consideration of the interesting associations connected with it, so interwoven with the early history of Boston and the primitive life in this country of the denomination of Christians who erected it—the good men and good wives and various historical personages who had gone in and out and found a sanctuary there, the great principles of religious toleration that had been proclaimed and stoutly maintained within its walls—I was interested to preserve a memento of the place. The sketch, although roughly drawn, gives an accurate view of the premises as it then appeared. The venerable edifice was erected in 1678, and, like an ancient fortress at the outpost of a frontier, had for a century and a half stood the battle and the breeze; and yet such was the solidity of the original structure, and the excellent condition in which it had been kept, that it proved to be yet stanch and strong, and, being heavily timbered, was not relegated to an ignominious destruction. Miss Marianne Sullivan remembers seeing it on rollers *en route* for South Boston, to continue in service as a Baptist place of worship.

In an artistic sense this old meeting-house presents little to attract attention, but in another and higher sense, in the light of other and more important considerations, it has an interesting and instructive significance. If Fanueil Hall is held in patriotic regard as the cradle of civil liberty, this old meeting-house, which was the scene and centre of a great struggle for the enlargement of the spiritual bonds of man—a contest for religious liberty, the conflict of centuries, where the great principle of religious toleration, as enunciated by Roger Williams, that "the magistrate should not come between God and his creatures," was brought to a triumphant recog-

nition—must be regarded with interest and veneration. Its erection at that period marked an era in religious thought and development. It was a beacon-light between the mist and gloom of mediæval ritualism in the old world and of Puritan intolerance in the new, and was a harbinger of brighter and better days. Prior to this, such a building for such purposes was impossible. The grand cathedrals of the old world, monuments of art, were



mainly erected and adorned by royal aid, in commemoration of the reigns of kings and potentates, for the use of state churches; religious institutions upheld by the secular arm, into which all the people, good, bad, and indifferent, were compelled, under stress of fines and imprisonment, to enroll themselves as members.

The dim religious light that penetrated such stained cathedral windows was sufficient in a day when the Bible was little read, and the private interpretation of the Scriptures not permitted. But when this Baptist Church in Boston was established, its members, not "press'd-men," or such as had been enrolled in unconscious infancy, consisted of volunteers drawn together

for the maintenance of a principle; and when these men proceeded to set up a standard and erect a house of worship, they were concerned, not so much with the adornments of art, as with a consideration of the "eternal fitness of things." If this their "temple made with hands" was plain and simple, it fitly expressed the purpose and character of the builders; they themselves were "of plain living but high thinking," with "ideas greater than the temple," and maintained that "right was right since God was God, and right was sure to win." A sea of troubles lay before them, but, undismayed, with the open Bible they went forward.

In 1679 the General Court of Massachusetts Bay had enacted that "no meeting-house should be erected without permission of the freemen of the town or the General Court. And in case of transgression, all such houses and the land on which they stood should be forfeited to the use of the country." This meeting-house had been quietly erected, and, in 1679, was opened for public worship. It was immediately taken possession of by the magistrates, the doors nailed up, and a notice pasted thereon, that

"All persons are to take notice, that by order of the Court, the Doors of this house are shut up, and that they are inhibited to hold any meeting, or to open the doors thereof, without license from authority till the General Court shall take further order, as they will answer the contrary at their peril.

Dated at Boston, 8th March, 1680.

Edward Rawson,
Secretary."

When the people attempted to hold worship in the open air they were arrested and were treated very roughly. Neal, *History of the Puritans*, says, "many honest people were ruined by fines and imprisonment before they gained their point." In 1644 it was enacted that "If any p-son or p-sons wi ye jurisdiction shall either openly condemn or oppose ye Baptism of infants, or go about secretly to seduce others from ye ap-bation or use thereof, or should purposely depart ye congregation at ye administration of the ordinance, and should appear to ye C-ot wilfully and obstinately to continue therein, after due time and means of Conviction any such p-son or p-sons, shall be sentenced to banishment."

For thus offending, Roger Williams had been banished, and Henry Dunster was removed from the presidency of Harvard College, and banished. With his wife and children, amid great suffering and pecuniary loss, he was driven into the wilderness in severe weather, under circumstances of great hardship.

Brooks Adams, in his *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, says, "Henry Dunster was an uncommon man, famed for piety in an age of fanaticism,

learned, modest, and brave; by the unremitting toil of thirteen years he raised Harvard from a school to the position it has since held, and though very poor and starving on an ill-paid pittance, he gave his beloved college one hundred acres of land at the moment of its sorest need; yet he was a criminal, for he would not baptize infants. He was indicted and convicted of disturbing church ordinances, and deprived of his office in October, 1654."

Obediah Holmes was another victim. He was educated at Oxford, England, and when he emigrated he settled in Salem. He became a Baptist, and was excommunicated, and the inevitable indictment followed. As he lay in prison he suffered keenly at the thought of his birth and breeding, the injury to his name and worldly credit, and the humiliation that must come to his wife and children from his public shame; then he began, too, to fear lest he might not be able to bear the lash, might flinch and shed tears, and bring contempt on himself and his religion; yet when the morning came he was calm and resolute, refusing food and drink, that he might not be said to be sustained by liquor. He betook himself to prayer, and when his keeper called for him, with his Bible in his hand he went cheerfully to his post. He would have spoken a few words, but the magistrate ordered the executioner to do his office quickly, for the fellow would delude the people; then he was seized and stripped, and as he cried "Lord, lay not this sin unto their charge," he received the first blow. They gave him thirty lashes, with a three-thonged whip, of such horrible severity that it was many days before he could have his lacerated body touch the bed, and he rested propped upon his hands and knees. Yet in spite of his torture he stood firm and calm, showing neither pain nor fear, breaking out at intervals in praise of God, and his dignity and carriage so impressed the people, that in spite of the dangers, numbers flocked about him when he was set free, in sympathy and admiration. John Spur being inwardly affected by what he saw and heard, took him by the hand, and with a joyful countenance said, "Praise be the Lord," and so went back with him. That same day Spur was arrested, charged with the crime of succoring a heretic.

Then said the undaunted Spur, "Obediah Holmes I do look upon as a godly man; and do affirm that he carried himself as did become a Christian under so sad an affliction." "We will do with you as we have dealt with him," said the magistrate. "I am in the hands of God," answered Spur, and then his keeper took him to prison.

The Quakers were treated with even greater inhumanity; several were hanged, some branded and mutilated, some tied to cart tails and brutally whipped from town to town, and both men and women, and even the two children of one of the victims, were sold into slavery to meet the fines

imposed upon them. That Protestants should in this new country have renewed the persecutions which they themselves had been subjected to in the old, shows that human nature is much the same the world over; and that in the monopoly of power by any sect or order, in this case by the "elders," the "cruelty of man toward man" is appalling. No one with humane feelings can contemplate the persecutions in the Puritan commonwealth without their sensibilities being profoundly and painfully disturbed.

By a statute of 1631, "no one could vote in the election for a member of the General Court who was not a member of the Puritan church, and only those who brought a certificate from an elder could be received into the church. In this manner the elders controlled the election, and thereby also the civil government."

The peculiarity of the Puritan law, as stated in Oliver's *Puritan Commonwealth*, was that the two tables of the moral law, containing man's duty toward God and his duty toward his neighbor, they reasoned, with partial truth, were binding upon humanity wherever it wandered. The ten distinct commands were as rigid and unexpansive as the marble letters in which they were written, and the magistrates held that whether they assume the form of English statutes or not, they were obligatory upon the Puritan commonwealth, and should be enforced by the arm of the civil power. Roger Williams took the exception that, in breaches of the first table, the magistrates were powerless, that *they had no right to interfere between God and his creatures, and their legitimate authority was confined to an oversight of man's duty toward his neighbor*. But this, the first gleam of religious liberty in the Puritan commonwealth, was immediately observed, and at General Court both elders and magistrates pronounced such opinions "to be erroneous and very dangerous," and Williams' call to a church in Salem was adjudged, in consequence, "a great contempt of authority." The banishment of this enthusiast did not by any means put to rest the waking principle which he had roused; nor did the manner in which the magistrates exercised their authority tend to check the "inordinate love of liberty." His persecution gained him many disciples, and the question of the first table continued a mooted point in Puritan jurisprudence down to the Synod of 1647, in which, after much debate, it was decided by the elders that the civil magistrate is "*custus utriusque tabulae*," "and has full power to compel the observance so far as respects the outward man."

Roger Williams had also a controversy with the magistrates in regard to their Indian policy. The Puritan Pilgrims maintained "that the whole

earth is the Lord's garden," and, therefore, the peculiar property of his saints, and the natural right of the aborigine was to so much soil only as he could occupy and improve, and that any land not improved by agriculture lay open to any who would or could improve it. Accordingly, when Roger Williams denounced this with honest indignation, and compared the Indian interest in the soil to that of the nobility and gentry of England in their parks and preserves, it was replied that it was not the intention to take possession of the country by "murther and robbery," but only to occupy its arid places; accordingly, any lands not fenced and waving with yellow corn they took possession of without condescending to any inquiry concerning Indian title. The following expressions of opinion by elders and others, as recorded in Oliver's *Puritan Commonwealth*, will give some idea of the intolerant spirit of the day. "No room in God's army for tolerationists," Johnson. "'Tis Satan's policy to plead indefinite and boundless toleration," Shepard. "He that is willing to tolerate will, for need, hang God's Bible at the Devil's girdle." "Toleration is the grand design of the Devil, his masterpiece." "Toleration is the first-born of all abominations." "The church never took part in the punishment of heretics," Cotton Mather. "Such a rough thing as a New England Anabaptist is not to be handled over tenderly," Rev. Samuel Willard, President of Harvard.

The elders appear to have found in this Willard a fitting tool for their intolerance, in place of the noble Dunster, who was banished. Considerable activity seems to have been displayed in securing cases for discipline, and in inflicting fines and punishments. For absence from prayer the fine was a shilling; from the sermon, five shillings. Venturing to express dissent to the sentiments of an elder was a serious matter, and, as in the case of Mrs. Hutchinson, a distinguished and intelligent lady, led to banishment. In this spirit, the elders and magistrates proceeded against Baptists, Quakers, Episcopalians, and all who did not adhere to the Puritan church. Oliver's *Puritan Commonwealth* says: "The victims of persecution fled to Rhode Island, where they could salute each other in safety, and who shall not say that their ravings, unmingled as they were with the dying imprecations of the red men, were not as acceptable as the sober prayers of the grave Puritans, but their inhumanity failed of its purpose. Public sentiment both in England and in this country reacted against them. Truth crushed to earth rose again, and moved steadily onward, until toleration won the day, and through all the land, from sea to sea, has prevailed and become an important part of the framework of the civil policy of every State." Sound statesmanship now

recognizes that civil liberty would indeed be incomplete, and be but a name, without religious liberty.

"Peace hath her victories
Not less renowned than war."

The words of Edward Everett, used on another occasion, will fitly apply to this: "What are all the victories of a Cæsar or Napoleon compared to a victory like this!"

Now, like waves in widening circles, as from a stone cast into the sea, the moral influence of the United States is reaching, pervading, and blessing other nations where toleration has not hitherto been enjoyed.

Repeatedly, in recent years, the United States Government has, at the request of various religious denominations in this country, uniting with the Baptists, asked of foreign governments, Sweden, Germany, and Russia, etc., for "International courtesy towards those holding our views of scriptural truth," and these requests have in every instance been graciously acceded to.

"Men may come and men may go,
But truth goes on forever."

Brooks Adams says: "The struggles and the agony by which this isolated community freed itself from its gloomy bondage, the means by which it secularized its education and its government, won for itself the blessings of free thought and free speech, and matured a system of constitutional liberty which has been the foundation of the American Union." In looking back to those early provincial days, we view with admiration the heroic stand taken by the men of that generation for freedom of opinion and liberty of speech, and the boldness of their assaults upon bigotry and intolerance, although hoary with age and intrenched in power. And, in the light of the events of subsequent history, it is easy to discern that the policy and teachings of the two contending parties of that day did not end with them, but an influence has been transmitted in logical sequence from generation to generation, to the weal or woe of the country. The seed-thoughts then sown have borne fruit each after its own kind. The impartial judgment of mankind will undoubtedly accord to Roger Williams and his followers purity and unselfishness of purpose; and it must be also conceded, and it is but just and equitable, as it is likewise legitimate and germane to the subject, to say that their principles and policy have tended to toleration, to good order, to good government, and to good-will toward men; and embodying thus the germs of equity and justice to all of their continuance in an enlarged sphere of beneficence re-

splendent down the ages, while those of their opponents and persecutors have been exemplified by a long, terrible catalogue of blazing villages, and the provoked, pitiless Indian massacres of fleeing inhabitants, in retaliation for unnumbered wrongs inflicted by the whites upon the Indian tribes, casting a blot upon the national character, severely taxing the resources and energy of the governments and the wisdom and forbearance of the people, and the end is not yet!

When the millennial—God's great day, foretold in sacred writ—shall come, may it not possibly then appear that, among the instrumentalities that accelerated its coming, the sacrifices, the sufferings, and blood of the martyrs, for liberty of conscience and freedom of speech, although at the time counted as naught, will then receive full recognition, and, like the small, smooth stone from the brook, by the sling of David, that laid low Goliath of Gath, shall prove, by divine direction, to have been mightily efficient? And when the grand anthem that shall usher in that auspicious morn shall sound, is it too much to expect that, influenced by the example of their sacrifice, courage, and fidelity, the voices of an increased multitude from every State and nation, and out of every kindred tribe and tongue, will swell the mighty chorus of those of whom it will be recorded that they, too, "loved their fellow-men"!

In selecting Salem Street for a site for their meeting-house, the Baptists were doubtless influenced by a similar reason to that recorded of the primitive church of Salem of old, "*because there was much water there.*" The tide through Charles River set in quite up to the rear of the building, so that by steps descending to the water the ordinance of baptism was conveniently administered. This old church has had a succession of eminent men as pastors, among whom were Doctor Stillman, of great renown for wisdom, public spirit, and eloquence; and Mr. Winchell and his hymn-book—*Winchell's Watts*, then used in the churches—whom I remember. He was gentle and winning in manners, and as a preacher had considerable poetic fervor and literary finish. Dr. Francis Wayland followed, and continued until he assumed the Presidency of Brown University. He stood in the front rank as an educator and writer on moral science. He was of the Websterian type, and of a grand presence. Dr. Baldwin, in his gown and bands, used to preach frequently also, in my day, at the "United Meeting," which was alternately held by the three churches. The "Third Church," under Dr. Sharp, was then formed. Dr. Sharp's graceful dignity and excellence as a preacher, not less than the courtesy that distinguished him as a gentleman, attracted many toward him.

All that part of Boston, now solidly built over with railroad stations,

stores, and dwellings, lying between Merrimac Street and its junction with Union Street, thence to Salem and Prince Streets, was then, at high tide, covered with water. A causeway across the flats connected the west with the north end; a canal ran up into the town which was used for traffic with stores and dwellings abutting on the canal. Frequently, with other boys, I have been in swimming where now is Haymarket Square. From the rear of the old meeting-house, Charlestown, on the opposite bank of the river, and the Navy Yard, was open to view, and the British ships which took part in the Battle of Bunker Hill must have anchored in the stream not very far away.

This reminiscence of the olden times and the old church would hardly be complete without some reference to the old sexton, "Father Winslow," who was a decided and quite an original character, and, in his way, a conspicuous figure of the place. He was odd and queer, small in stature, and of a grave and austere countenance. He was usually attired in black, and his long gray hair was tied behind in a queue. He had large lapels to his coat pockets, out of which he frequently fished a capacious snuff-box, which he courteously presented to certain favored ones of the congregation as they passed him in the vestibule, whom he well knew would enjoy a pinch of his favorite Maccaboy. His post of observation on Sunday was usually at the centre door of the porch in front, where he stood, a warning to evil-doers, in the shape of sundry small urchins who watched a chance to run and roll in the grass, under the pretense of getting a drink of water from the pump standing on the lawn; also to be on the lookout for the minister, whom he received with deference, and ceremoniously escorted to the pulpit. He was a relic of a former generation, a sexton of the "Old Mortality" type, and was decorous and proper in all his ways. He disappeared with the old meeting-house.

Geo. F. Smith

OUR PRESIDENTS AS HORSEMEN

General Grant has gone into history as the man on horseback. Washington's portraits are largely equestrian, and associated with every period of Jackson's career are the horses he loved so well.

Old citizens of Alexandria say that Washington rode the finest horses in Virginia, and that as a boy he broke to the saddle the colts of his neighborhood. It is said that he once rode ten different horses into Alexandria in a single week, and during his latter years his stables at Mount Vernon were among the best in the country. He visited his horses upon rising in the morning, and always saw that they had their breakfast before he took his own. He kept thoroughbred horses, and his establishment at Mount Vernon was much like that of a great English lord. He had his pack of hounds, and before the Revolution he was very fond of fox-hunting. He followed the hounds everywhere, and was always in at the death. He had a regular hunting costume, and his favorite hunter was a fiery, long-limbed horse which he called "Blueskin," probably from its color, a fine, dark iron-gray. His hunting costume was a blue coat, a scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and top boots. He wore a velvet cap, and carried a whip with a long thong. He ridiculed the idea that he could be thrown, and he was wont to say that he required only one good quality in a horse, namely, "it must go along." It was his custom, at Mount Vernon, prior to the Revolution, to hunt three times a week, and the game chased was made up of gray foxes and stags. His last hunt was in 1785, when he killed a stag weighing one hundred and forty-six pounds.

George Washington was very kind to his horses, and displayed a great deal of sentiment in connection with his treatment of some of them. The horse he rode when he received the sword of Cornwallis, on the 19th of October, 1781, was a fine chestnut charger with white face and legs. Washington took him to Mount Vernon after the war, but never allowed him to do a stroke of work. He was well stabled and cared for, and died many years later.

At Philadelphia, while Washington was President, the Executive stables were in the charge of a man called "German John," and at another time of Bishop, the old body-servant of General Braddock. These chief hostlers had a number of negro boys under them, and George Washington Parke Custis says that Washington's horses were of the kind known as "muslin horses." This name came from the testing of the cleanliness of

the horses with a fine handkerchief. This was brushed over their coats after they were dressed, and if the slightest spot of dirt came off upon the handkerchief, they were not considered well curried, and the stable-boys were tied up and whipped for their negligence. The President drove a team of white chargers, "and the grooming of these," says Washington's adopted son, Custis, "will rather surprise the moderns. The night before the horses were expected to be ridden they were entirely covered over with a paste of which whiting was the principal component part. Then the animals were swathed in body clothes, and left to sleep upon clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard. It was well rubbed in, and the horses were curried and brushed. This process gave to their coats a beautiful, glossy, and satin-like appearance. The hoofs were now blacked and polished, the mouths washed, the teeth picked and cleaned, and the leopard-skin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service. Such was the grooming of ancient times."

President Washington's coach, which he used with these horses, was the finest carriage in Philadelphia, and its panels were painted by one of the great painters of that day. One of these panels is preserved in the collection of relics in the National Museum at Washington. It is a copper medallion as big as a dinner plate, and the inscription connected with it says that the coach was of a cream color, and it had four of these medallions upon it, each of which contained a painting by Capriana, a famous painter of the times. The body of the vehicle was in the shape of a hemisphere, and its cream color was ornamented with Cupids supporting festoons, and with garlands of flowers around the panels. Add to the white horses and their splendid trappings this gorgeous coach and equally gorgeous footman and coachman, and you may have some idea of the turnout of our first President. In addition to this, there was a chariot kept especially for Mrs. Washington, which was a four-horse affair with black postilions in livery.

All of the land-traveling in Washington's day was done by carriage or on horseback, and the following *verbatim* order, which Washington once sent to his London agent, for an out-of-door equipage, will give an idea of his appearance on the road: "A man's riding saddle, hogskin seat, large plated stirrups and everything complete; double-reined bridle, and Pelham bit plated. A very neat Newmarket saddle. A large and best port-manteau, saddle, bridle, and pillow. Cloak bag, surcingle, check saddle-cloth, hostlers, etc. A riding frock of handsome drab-colored broadcloth with plain double gilt buttons. A riding waistcoat of superfine scarlet

cloth and gold lace, with buttons like those of the coat. A blue surtout coat. A neat switch whip, silver cap. Black velvet cap for servant."

Washington's stables at Philadelphia contained ten coach and saddle horses in addition to the two white chargers. He had a coachman and two grooms, and the servants who accompanied him in his rides were white. They wore liveries of white cloth trimmed with scarlet or orange. The white chargers were the horses of state, and one of these was the President's favorite saddle horse. He was a fine parade horse, as white as snow, and sixteen hands high. His name was Prescott, and the President thought a great deal of him, though he had an annoying habit of dancing about on the approach of a carriage. It was the custom then for ladies in driving to order their coachman to stop, and let down the glasses of their coach, whenever the President approached on horseback, in order that he might pay his compliments. Upon such occasions Prescott would always dance, and I doubt not Washington became at times not a little exasperated at him. The other charger was also purely white, with flowing mane and tail. He was an Arabian steed, very high-spirited, and so fiery that no one but Washington could ride him with comfort.

These two horses were those with which Washington made his tour throughout the Southern States in 1791. He rode for nineteen hundred miles behind them in the white chariot, and during the whole journey he had not a single accident. Before setting out on this trip, he had arranged the time and hour for arriving at each place, and his punctuality is said to have been remarkable. The white chariot was talked of all over the country, and the order for firing a cannon at his arrival was:

"Light your matches, the white chariot is in full view."

Mrs. Washington, while she was the chief lady of the land, drove her own horses. She attended the races at Alexandria with Nellie Custis. A pair of beautiful bays drew the coach when she went out calling in Philadelphia. One day, when she had just entered the carriage with her granddaughter, one of the horses rubbed off his bridle, and the frightened animal was in the act of springing forward when the footman grasped him around the neck, and some passer-by came to the rescue. The bridle was replaced, and the carriage drove off.

Thomas Jefferson kept the finest of horses in his stables, and he paid very high prices for some of them. At the time of his inauguration, he rode to the Capitol on his favorite saddle horse, "Wild Air," and the generations of patriots since then have delighted in recounting the Jeffersonian simplicity with which he jumped from his horse himself, and, tying him to the fence with his own hands, walked into the Capitol. The truth, how-

ever, is that this act was forced upon him. He had hoped to have driven to his inauguration in a fine turn-out, and his son-in law, Jack Eppes, had been sent off to buy four coach-horses at a price of \$1600, but did not return to Washington in time, thus the President rode on horseback.

While Jefferson was President he took horseback rides every afternoon from one until three, and he kept up this riding on horseback until within three weeks of his death. He was a bold and fearless rider, and delighted in riding alone. The presence of a servant annoyed him, and he was fond of solitary rides and musing. He kept, while in the White House, four fiery bay coach-horses, but he seldom drove behind them. His rides about Washington brought him many strange adventures. He was often mistaken for some other person than the President, and stories are told of how strangers meeting him had denounced Jefferson to him, and on afterward calling at the White House had been covered with confusion at the remembrance of their conversation.

President Jefferson abolished the weekly levees at the White House which had been in vogue during the preceding administrations. The court ladies of Washington conspired to force him to resume them, and on the usual levee day they called at the White House. They were informed that the President was out, but they replied that they would go in and wait for him, doubting not that when he returned he would feel obliged to receive them, as John Adams had done. In the course of an hour Jefferson came in from one of his long horseback rides. He wore top-boots and riding costume, and with the spurs still clanking upon his heels, the dust upon his clothes, and his whip in his hand, he went in and received his fair guests. He treated them very courteously, and it is said they went away feeling that they had shown more impoliteness in visiting him when not expected than he had in receiving them in other than court dress. His action, however, prevented a repetition of the conspiracy.

In driving to Monticello, Jefferson generally used a phaeton or a one-horse chair. A picture of this horse chair is given in the *Domestic Life of Jefferson*, by his great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph, from which I have much of my information in regard to him. It was probably a kind of sulky, and looks more like an arm-chair than anything else.

"Jefferson liked horse-racing," says Parton, "and he did not permit false ideas of official decorum to prevent his attending the races near the seat of government. The saddle was his test of a horse, and his rule in horse management was to use force rather than patience. If his horse rebelled he thrashed him, and the battle never ceased until the animal had discovered which of the two held the reins."

John Quincy Adams was entertained by horse races, and he used to walk out to the Holmead race course, two miles from the White House, and back again, whenever there was a race to be held. Mrs. Madison drove out to see the races in a chariot with four gray horses, and President Jackson not only went to see races, but he delighted in betting on them, and now and then ran his own horses. While he was in the White House, a colt of his was entered under the name of his private secretary, Major Donelson, in a race for a stake of ten thousand dollars, but it was beaten by Commodore Stockton's "Langford." Langford had been lame during his training for the race, and the President's horse was a general favorite. A great crowd of people attended the race, and the annual ball of the season was given that night. The walls of the ballroom were found ornamented with a full-length portrait of Andrew Jackson's horse, so confident had been his friends of winning the race. He was defeated, however, and it is said that the President lost nearly a thousand dollars by the result.

During Jackson's time, the crime of mail robbery was punishable with imprisonment or death, and a mail robber named Wilson is said to have escaped hanging through a singular adventure with General Jackson on the race course some years before. This was near Nashville, Tennessee; Jackson had bet upon a horse which the jockey had been ordered to make lose the race. Wilson came to the general and gave him this information. Jackson then withdrew his bets, and promised his informant that he would be his friend if opportunity offered. When Wilson was arrested for mail-robbery and found guilty, he reminded the President of his promise, and Jackson pardoned him.

Before General Jackson was elected to the Presidency, he bet openly upon horse races, and he ran his own horses also. There is a story told in Tennessee, which, if true, leads to the supposition that Jackson was well up in the sharp practices of horse racing. He had a heavy bet upon a certain race, and the jockey who was to ride the competing horse was a mulatto boy whom he had owned himself, but with whom he had become discontented. He had sold him to a neighbor, and it was this neighbor's horse that was now running against Jackson's. Before the race came off, Jackson was overheard giving instructions to the little mulatto. He was heard to say: "You black rascal, I want you to know that I understand you, and I don't want you to play any of your old tricks upon me. If I catch you squirting your tobacco juice in my boy's eyes, I will cut your heart out."

Jackson's duel with Dickinson arose from the troubles of the race course. Dickinson was a negro trader and a horse jockey. He had a bet with Jackson, and in the discussion regarding the settlement of this,

Jackson and he came to blows. Dickinson denounced Jackson as a coward, and Jackson challenged him. In the duel which followed Jackson killed Dickinson, but not before the latter had shattered two of the future President's ribs with his bullet.

Jackson's great love for his wife came out in relation to horses. He bought for her, it is said, the finest coach in Tennessee, paying for it \$2500, and he highly prized this coach in after years. He had it with him at Washington, and would ride in no other. At one time his horses ran away with it, and it was brought back considerably damaged. Jackson was very angry, and his private secretary heard him say to his black coachman: "Charles, you know why I value that carriage. This is the second time such an accident has happened, and if it ever occurs again I will send you back to Tennessee."

Just before Jackson left the Presidency he received a present of a carriage made from the timber of the frigate *Constitution*, which had taken part in the war against Great Britain in 1812, and had been dubbed *Old Ironsides*. During the last Presidential term of Jackson the old vessel went to pieces, and the democracy of New York city gathered the timbers together, and made a handsome carriage from them. It was in this carriage that General Jackson and President-elect Van Buren rode to the Capitol from the White House to Van Buren's inauguration, and it is said that this old carriage is now in the possession of a store-keeper in a little Georgia village.

Martin Van Buren had a fine turn-out while he was in the White House. His carriage was of a dark olive hue with ornaments as bright as burnished gold. He had a footman and coachman in livery, and he rode about in grand style.

When Harrison came to Washington to be inaugurated, he walked from the depot into the city, and on the day of his inauguration refused to ride in a fine carriage which, with its four fiery horses, had been presented to him for this purpose by the Whigs of Baltimore. General Harrison had pronounced ideas of his own as to how the President of the United States should act and speak. He was a great admirer of the old Romans, and his inaugural abounded in classical allusions. He thought that it was more becoming for the President to ride to his inauguration on horseback, as the Roman emperors used to pass along the Appian Way. So he refused the carriage, and though the day was cold and windy, he rode both out and back upon a white charger, wearing no overcoat, and carrying his hat in his hand as he did so. He was escorted by the military, but the raw, cold air chilled the marrow of his old bones, and it is the opinion of many that the

exposure of that day had much to do with hastening his death, which occurred a few weeks later.

President Tyler brought to the White House the customs of his old Virginia home. A great deal of comment was made on one of his carriages, which was bought at the sale of the effects of Mr. Paulding, the Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren. It is said that President Tyler asked his Irish coachman what the people would think of his using a second-hand carriage. To which the coachman responded:

"And faith, Mr. President, it seems to me a second-hand carriage would not be out of place for you. For you know that some people say that you are only a second-hand President."

One day President Tyler was out riding with his most intimate friend, Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. Mr. Wise's carriage was a small and rickety one, and President Tyler characterized it as no better than a candle-box on wheels; whereupon Wise told Tyler that his carriage was at least bought first-hand, and that when he did buy one at auction he would see that the coat-of-arms of the former owner was removed from its panels. President Tyler laughed at the repartee, and a day or two after that the coat-of-arms of Secretary Paulding was painted over, and that of President Tyler appeared in its place.

President Polk kept a good turn-out at Washington. He had a carriage of dark olive, highly polished, and with gilt borders around the panel work. The cushions of the interior were of rich figured crimson cloth with lace trimmings, and the windows had curtains of blue and red figured stuff. He drove four horses, and his equipage was one of the sights of the capital.

President Zach Taylor brought to Washington the old horse which he had used in the Mexican War. He was a fine-looking horse, as white as snow, and full of spirit; he pricked up his ears at martial music, and followed the remains of his master to the grave, being led directly behind the funeral car, which was drawn by eight white horses.

During the administration of Pierce, the President's stables were directly below the White House, and they were in charge of a gray-haired coachman who still lives in Washington, and who delights in talking of the Presidents he has served. "President Pierce," he says, "was a fine horseback rider, and I can see him now as he used to walk down to the stables every morning with his whip in his hand. He would come in and pat the horses, and say: 'Well, Thomas, will you saddle my horse for me, please?' and then he would stroll away to look at the garden which then lay between the White House and the Treasury, while his horse was being

prepared for him. President Pierce's riding horse was a fiery animal. She was as blind as a stone wall, and he used to ride her about the streets of Washington at night. President Pierce was a kind master. He talked to his servants in as kindly a way as he did to the diplomats who came in their court dress. He had eight horses and several carriages in his stables. I think his coach was a present, but he sold this at the close of his administration, and gave the proceeds to one of the city asylums. President Pierce's livery was navy blue, with buttons of silver.

"President Buchanan," continued the old coachman, "had a magnificent turn-out, and one of his sets of harness cost him eight hundred dollars. It was made as a present for him by a firm in Philadelphia, but it was President Buchanan's custom not to receive presents, and when the donor brought it to the White House, Buchanan asked him what it had cost to make it. The reply was, eight hundred dollars. Buchanan at once wrote out a check for the amount, and made the man take it. This harness had thirty-six large buckles, heavily plated with silver, and there were fifty six silver B's in different places upon it. When Mr. Buchanan went back to Wheatlands he took this harness with him. President Buchanan was what I call a minute man. He gave plenty of time for you to do what he ordered, but he expected everything to be done to the minute. When any complaint was made against the servants, they had a chance to explain before they were reprimanded or discharged. If they were not in the wrong, he would not punish them. President Buchanan drove but seldom, and he never rode on horseback. His niece, Harriet Lane, was the chief one who used the stables. She was fond of the saddle, and I was her groom on such occasions. She would often make up a party of ten girls, and they would canter away from the White House door for ten or twelve miles into the country about Washington. There was a great deal of extravagance about the White House in those days. President Buchanan paid no attention to domestic matters, and my two coach dogs were often given a leg of mutton or a juicy beefsteak to eat. President Johnson bought his horses from those which the army sold at the close of the war. He was very careful in keeping an account of their expenses, and he paid himself for every cent's worth of feed they used. He kept eight horses, and one of his teams was very fine. It consisted of a pair of fiery blacks, with skin like jet, and eyes which flashed with spirit.

"Mrs. Lincoln managed all matters relating to the household and the stables, and engaged and dismissed the servants, and she was not the easiest woman to get along with, either. I was not her coachman, however. During Lincoln's administration, I acted as coachman for the two

private secretaries, Colonel John Hay and Mr. Nicolay. Prior to Lincoln, the private secretaries of the President rode with the family. Lincoln's carriages did not arrive until some weeks after his inauguration, and Mr. Nicolay and Colonel Hay bought a carriage together, and made me their coachman. It was a sort of coupé. Mrs. Lincoln and the President used this until their own came. During the administration, I often had to drive Mr. Lincoln here and there, and I often took him to the Soldiers' Home. He had a troubled look during those days, and talked but little. Mrs. Lincoln kept the poorest horses of any administration I served under, and she had a number of her own coachmen apart from me. One of her men was named Burke. He had been having one of the carriages fixed at a shop down town, and, coming home from a drive, he supposed there would be no use for him for a half-hour at least. He said to me: 'Thomas, I am going down town, and will be back in a few moments. If any one wants me, please tell them.' He had not been gone five minutes before an order came from Mrs. Lincoln for the carriage. She was told that Burke was away. I could not go with her myself, because I had an engagement with Mr. Nicolay. Mrs. Lincoln made a great fuss, and sent to the livery stables for a team. When Burke returned, he was told that he was no longer wanted, and a new coachman was employed. Of course Burke had to acquiesce, but little Tad Lincoln was his friend, and got his father to write a card asking the Secretary of the Treasury to give the coachman a position there, who thus got into the departments, and is now employed in the civil service of the government."

President Grant's love for horses has become proverbial. He had been noted as a horseman long before he came to the White House, and at the time that he was elected he had a stock farm near St. Louis, where it is said he kept more than a hundred horses. He drove the best of horses while he was President, and his favorites occupied a large space in the newspaper literature of the time. Among General Grant's handsome horses were "Cincinnati," "Egypt" and "Jeff Davis." "Cincinnati" was a good saddle horse, and the President could ride him to any point in the city, and leave him standing unhitched for any length of time. He was never frightened at parades or street fights, and Grant was sure that however long he might remain in the houses of his friends upon his visits he would find "Cincinnati" waiting for him when he got through.

Albert Hawkins, who is now coachman for President Cleveland, was also in charge of the White House stables under Grant. He says that arrangements were made during Grant's second term for an equestrian statue of General Grant mounted on his favorite war horse, "Cincinnati," and that

every day for nearly a month the General would have the bridle and saddle put upon "Cincinnati," and ride out to meet the sculptor. "The horse called 'Jeff Davis,'" says Hawkins, "was a kicker," and he had the habit of biting to such an extent that the stable hands were afraid to go near him. General Grant could, however, handle him as he desired, and as soon as he entered the stable "Jeff Davis" would throw back his ears and move about restlessly until the General came up and patted him. Among the many fine presents that Grant received during his foreign trip, were two magnificent horses from the Sultan of Turkey. These were landed in New York, and were the admiration of all who saw them. The craze in regard to them among horse lovers and relic hunters existed to such an extent that not a few persons came to the blacksmith who shod these horses, and asked for the nails, old shoes, and the clippings of the hoofs as relics. These horses are still living, and one of them was lately on General Beale's farm near Washington.

One of Grant's best horses was known as "Butcher Boy," into the possession of which he came in a curious way. Grant was riding one day through Washington, and tried to pass a butcher's wagon jogging along in front of him. The boy driving the horse whipped up, and General Grant and he had a lively race. The General was in a light, unpretentious rig, and the boy had no idea that he was racing with the President. His horse was so good, however, that he kept ahead for a long distance. President Grant admired the horse during this race, and as the wagon drove to a butcher shop in Washington, he quietly noted the place. Shortly after this he sent one of his friends around to look at the horse, and buy it if possible. The purchase was made, the money passed, and the butcher's horse took his place in the White House stables. His name came from the curious manner in which he was acquired.

Grant visited his stables daily while he was President, and it was during his administration that the present stables of the White House were built. They consist of a low brick structure in the form of the head of a T, the two ears of which are used as carriage houses, and the head of which forms the stables proper. The stalls are wide and roomy, and they are kept as clean as a New England kitchen. Grant visited his horses after he was through with the business of the day. He saw that they had the best kind of feed, and had them regularly exercised. He did not allow any one to ill-treat them, and when driving always held the reins himself. During his last years, his body-servant Harrison tells me, he had two fine teams for himself, and one for Mrs. Grant. One of these he lent to young Ward, the man who, in connection with Fish,

caused his financial ruin. Ward took them, says Harrison, into the country and sold them. At least, the General was never able to get hold of them again.

President Arthur had a number of good horses in his stables, and he seldom drove about Washington without a coachman in livery. During the latter part of his term, his doctors advised him to take horseback rides, and he did this for a time. When he left the White House his horses were sold, and his coach-horses brought two hundred and eighty dollars, and a bay horse only one hundred and forty-five dollars. A black mare, said to have been the fastest horse then in the District of Columbia, sold for as much as the other three horses combined, and her owner was offered five hundred dollars for his bargain shortly after the sale, but he declined to part with her.

President Cleveland rides out in his carriage every afternoon. His coachman is the Albert Hawkins above spoken of, a tall, fine-looking colored man, who sits as straight as a post, and who is dressed in a livery the color of chamois-skin and trimmed with silver buttons. The President's coach-horses are seal brown in color. They have flowing manes and tails, and are about six or seven years of age. They are about sixteen hands high, weigh two thousand three hundred pounds, and were bred in Onondaga County, New York. The President's country home is three miles from the White House, and the drive to it is one of the most beautiful about Washington. Nearly every afternoon the President and his wife drive out toward it, and at other times in the day you may often see Mrs. Cleveland and her lady friends dashing along the country roads about Washington. President Cleveland seldom rides on horseback, and his carriage drives have been practically the only exercise he has taken since he has been President of the United States.

Frank G. Carpenter,

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA

A SHORT HISTORICAL REVIEW IN TWO PARTS

PART II

England, in harmony with that liberal policy toward her colonies, which was inaugurated in the first decade of the Victorian era, has generously assisted in the movement that has been steadily going on for many years in the direction of the unity and security, as well as of the social and political development, of the provinces of British North America.*

First, there was the reunion of the Canadas in 1841, when the French and English sections were given an equal representation in one legislature.† Then followed, between 1841 and 1849, the concession of responsible government in the fullest sense of the term, and the handing over to Canada the control of her public revenues and taxes, to be expended in accordance with the wishes of the majority in the popular house. At the same time came the repeal of the Navigation Laws, which had fettered colonial trade since the days of Cromwell. The post-office was given up to the Canadian government, and in fact, all matters that could be fairly considered to appertain to their provincial and local interests were placed under their immediate legislative jurisdiction. The Canadian legislature, under the new impulse of a relatively unfettered action, went vigorously to work to lay the foundations of a municipal system as indispensable to the operations of local self-government. The troublesome land question, involved in the Seigniorial Tenure, was settled, after much agitation, on terms favorable to vested interests, while the clergy Reserves were also arranged so as no longer to favor one church at the expense of others, or to impede the progress of settlement and cultivation. The union of the Canadas lasted until 1867, when it had outgrown its usefulness, and the provinces found it necessary to enter into a federation, which had been foreshadowed by Lord Durham and advocated by many eminent men even before his time.

* 3 and 4 Victoria, c. 35. Lord John Russell introduced the bill to reunite the Provinces in 1840. It was assented to on the 23d July, but did not come into effect until the following year.

† The Quebec Conference of the leading statesmen of British North America met on the 10th of October, 1864. The British North America Act, creating the Dominion, was passed by the Imperial Parliament in March, 1867. The Union came into operation 1st July, 1867, by the Queen's Proclamation.

The results of the development of Canada since 1841 may be divided for the purposes of this review into the following phases:

Territorial Expansion.
Increase of Population and Wealth.
Political Development.
Social and Intellectual Progress.
National Unity.

From 1841 to 1867 the provinces of British North America remained isolated from each other as distinct political entities, only united by the tie of a common allegiance to one sovereign. Their political organization was confined to the country extending from the head of Lake Superior to the countries watered by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. Of these provinces Ontario was the most populous and the richest in agricultural wealth, although it has not as great an area as the province of Quebec, where a more rigorous climate and large mountainous tracts—the hills of the Laurentides—have rendered the country less favorable for extensive and productive farming operations. A very considerable portion of Ontario, even in those days, was a wilderness, and the principal cultivated tract extended for a few miles from the St. Lawrence, and the most populous settlements lay between Ontario, Erie, and Huron. The Confederation of 1867 brought four provinces into one territorial organization for general or Dominion purposes—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—and it was not until 1873 that little Prince Edward Island, the garden of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, united its political fortunes with those of the young Confederation.* Efforts were made to bring in Newfoundland, but purely selfish local considerations prevailed in that island over the national sentiment; though the unwisdom of the course pursued by the island politicians has become evident according as the fishery question with the United States comes up from time to time, and it is now quite clear that this large colony, the Prima Vista of the North, the sentinel at the portals of Canada, must ere long fall into line with its sister colonies in North America. One of the most important results of confederation in its early days was the annexation by the Dominion of that vast tract of country which up to that time had been almost exclusively in the possession of the Indians and the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company—that region well described by General Butler as "the Lone Land," over whose trackless wastes French adventurers had been the first to pass—a

* An Imperial Order in Council was passed, declaring that after the 1st July, 1873, the island should form part of the Dominion. *Can. Stat.*, 1873, p. ix.

region of prairies, watered by great rivers and lakes, over whose western limits tower the lofty, picturesque ranges of the Rockies.* Next came into confederation the province of British Columbia,† which extends from the Rockies to the waters of the Pacific Ocean—a country with a genial climate, with rapid rivers teeming with fish, with treasures of coal and gold, with sublime scenery only rivaled by California. In the course of years a new province was formed in the North-west, watered by the Red and Assiniboine rivers, and territorial districts, as large as European states, arranged for purposes of government out of the vast region that now, with the sanction of the imperial authorities, has been brought under the jurisdiction of the Government of Canada. Within a period of twenty years Canada has stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and a territory placed under her control very little inferior in extent to that of the great republic to the South, and containing within itself all the elements of a prosperous future. It is, unhappily, true that this result was not achieved until blood had been shed and much money expended in crushing the rebellious half-breeds led by the reckless Riel,‡ but apart from this sad feature of Canadian history this important acquisition of territory, the first step in the formation of an empire in the West, has been attained under circumstances highly advantageous to the Dominion. Canada now possesses an immense territory of varied resources: the maritime provinces, with their coal, fish, and shipping, together with a valuable, if limited, agricultural area, not yet fully developed; the large province of Quebec, with ranges of mountains on whose lower slopes, when denuded of their rich timber, may graze thousands of cattle and sheep, with valuable tracts of meadow lands, capable of raising the best cereals, and already supporting some of the finest cattle of the continent; the rich province of Ontario, which continues to be the chief agricultural section of the Dominion, and whose cities and towns are full of busy industries; the vast North-west region, still in the very infancy of its development, destined to give the confederation several provinces outside of Manitoba, as large and productive as Minnesota, and to be the principal wheat-growing district of Canada; and, finally, the province of British Columbia, whose mountains are still rich with undeveloped treasures, and whose mild climate invites a

* The North-west was transferred on certain conditions to Canada by an act passed by the Imperial Parliament in July, 1868; 31 and 32 Vict., c. 105.

† British Columbia was admitted by Imperial Order in Council in 1871. *Can. Stat.*, 1872, p. lxxxiv.

‡ The first revolt of the half-breeds, or Metis, of Manitoba, was in 1869; the second in the spring of 1885; Riel was executed in the fall of 1885.

considerable industrious population to cultivate its slopes and plateaus, and till its deep-sea pastures.

The population which inhabits this vast territory is confined chiefly to the countries by the great lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Atlantic Ocean. A considerable number of people has within a few years flowed into the North-west, where the province of Manitoba is exhibiting all the signs of a prosperous agricultural country, and its capital, Winnipeg, has grown up in the course of sixteen years into a city of some twenty thousand souls. The population of the whole Dominion may now be estimated at nearly five millions of souls, and has increased about five times since 1837. Of this population one million and a quarter are the descendants of the seventy or sixty-five thousand people who were probably living in the French province at the time of the conquest (1759-60). The remainder of the population is made up of English, Scotch, and Irish. The immigration of late years has been small compared with that which has come into the United States, and consequently at present the natural-born population amounts to about 85.90 per cent. of the whole.* The people of Canada have already won for themselves a large amount of wealth from the riches of the land, forest, and seas. The total value of the imports is now about one hundred and ten million dollars, and of exports, ninety million dollars, or an aggregate of two hundred million dollars a year, an increase of one hundred and seventy-five million dollars within half a century. Of this large trade at least forty million dollars represent the products of the farms. The province of Ontario now raises over twenty-seven million bushels of wheat alone, or an increase of over twenty-six millions since 1837. The people have deposited in government savings banks, leaving out of the calculation the ordinary monetary institutions of the country, about one hundred and eight million dollars, made up of about one hundred thousand deposits, belonging to mechanics, farmers, and people of limited means. For years the only industries of importance were the building of ships, the cutting of timber, and a few ill-supported manufactures of iron, and various hard and soft wares. Now there are upward of one hundred and seventy million dollars invested in manufactures, chiefly of cotton and woollen goods, of which the coarser fabrics compete successfully with English goods in the Canadian market, even crowding out certain classes entirely. Some fourteen lines of ocean steamers run annually to the port of Montreal, which now has a population of one hundred and eighty thousand souls. Toronto comes next in population, about one hundred and twenty thousand; whilst the other cities, like Hali

* *Statistical Abstract and Record, Canadian Government*, p. 60.

fax, St. John, Quebec, Ottawa, Hamilton, and London, range from sixty thousand to thirty thousand. The aggregate of the population of the cities and towns with over five thousand population amounts to some seven hundred and fifty thousand souls, or two-thirds of the total population of Canada in 1840. The total revenue of the Dominion, apart from the local and provincial revenues, is about seventy-eight million dollars a year, raised mainly from customs and excise duties, which are high, owing to the national or protective policy, although much lower than those on similar goods in the United States. If the expenditures of Canada of late years have been very large, they have been caused by the rapid development of the country, and by the necessity of providing rapid means of intercommunication for trade and population in a country extending between two oceans. Canals, light-houses, the acquisition and opening up of the North-west, and government buildings, have absorbed at least one hundred and fifty-eight million dollars since 1867, and it is not remarkable, under these circumstances, that a gross debt has been accumulated within half a century of two hundred and sixty-four million dollars, against which must be set valuable assets in the shape of buildings and public works necessary to the progress of a new country. The public buildings, churches, and universities display within a quarter of a century a great improvement in architectural beauty, whilst the homes of the people show, both in the interior and exterior, decided evidences of comfort, convenience, and culture. Instead of the fourteen miles of railway which existed in 1837, there are now about eleven thousand miles in actual operation, affording facilities for trade and commerce not exceeded by any country in the world. One of these railways, the Canadian Pacific, which reaches from Quebec to Vancouver, on the Pacific Ocean, is the most remarkable illustration of railway enterprise ever shown by any country, certainly without a parallel for rapidity of construction even in the United States, with all its wealth, population, and commercial energy. These railways represent an investment of nearly seven hundred million dollars, in the shape of capital stock, municipal and government bonuses. These are some of the most remarkable evidences of material development which Canada has exhibited within fifty years. All those who wish to pursue the subject further need only refer to the blue books to see that the fisheries, the timber trade, and the agricultural products of Canada have all increased at the same ratio, notwithstanding commercial crises, bad harvests, and depression produced in certain branches of industry by the policy pursued toward the Dominion in connection with the fisheries. When we consider that the United States has received the great bulk of immigration for half a century, and that it

is only quite recently that a deep interest has been taken in the development of the Dominion by the people of Europe, it is remarkable that in every branch of trade and industry so steady a progress has been made during the reign.

In a new country like Canada one cannot look for the high culture and intellectual standard of the old communities of Europe. But there is even now in Canada an intellectual activity which, if it has not yet produced a distinct literature, has assumed a practical and useful form, and must, sooner or later, with the increase of wealth and leisure, take a higher range, and display something of the beauty and grace of literary productions of world-wide interest and fame. The mental outfit of the people compares favorably with that of older countries. The universities of Canada, McGill in Montreal, Laval in Quebec, Queen's in Kingston, Dalhousie in Halifax, and University College, in Toronto, stand deservedly high in the opinion of men of learning in the Old World and the United States, whilst the grammar and common school system, especially of Ontario, is creditable to the keen sagacity and public spirit of the people, who are not behind their cousins in New England in this particular. We have already seen the low condition of education fifty years ago—only one in fifteen at school; but now there are nearly one million of pupils in the educational institutions of the country—or one in five; at a cost to the people of upward of ten million dollars, contributed for the most part by the taxpayers of the different municipalities in connection with which the educational system is worked out. In Ontario the class of school-houses is exceptionally good and the apparatus excellent, and the extent to which the people tax themselves may be ascertained from the fact that the legislature only contributes annually some two hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars out of the total expenditure of about four million dollars.

In French Canada there is an essentially literary activity which has produced poets and historians, whose works have naturally attracted not a little attention in France, where the people are still deeply interested in the material and intellectual development of their old colony. The names of Garneau, Ferland, Frechette, and Sulte especially are recognized in France, though they will be unfamiliar to most Englishmen, and even to Americans, who are yet quite ignorant of the high attainments of French Canadians, of whom Lord Durham wrote, in 1839, "they are a people without a history and without a literature"—a statement well disproved in these later times by the works of Parkman, and by the triumphs of men like Frechette in Paris itself. The intellectual work of the English-speakers

* *Report*, p. 95.

ing people has been chiefly in the direction of scientific, constitutional, and historical literature, in which departments they have shown an amount of knowledge and research which has won for many of them laurels outside of their own country. In the infancy of the United States, works like the *Federalist*, with its wealth of constitutional and historical lore, naturally emanated from the brains of publicists and statesmen. In laying the foundation of a great nation, the learning and wisdom of the best intellects were evoked; and it has been so, in a measure, in Canada, where the working out of a system of government adapted to the necessities of countries with distinct interests and nationalities has developed a class of statesmen and writers with broad national views, and a large breadth of knowledge. The works of writers like Mr. Todd, and the speeches of statesmen like Mr. Joseph Howe, are noteworthy; the former for their constitutional erudition, which make them useful to the student in every part of the empire; the latter for their eloquent and patriotic passages, and that national fervor which should animate the thoughts of all those engaged in building up a new nation. On all occasions when men have risen beyond the passion and narrowness of party, the debates of the legislature have been distinguished by a keenness of argument and by a grace of oratory—especially in the case of some French Canadians—which would be creditable to the Senate of the United States in its palmy days. In science, the names of Sir William Dawson and Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt are well known in the parent state, and wherever science has its votaries and followers. The names of English Canadian poets will not be recognized to any great extent abroad, and yet there are several who have produced poems well worthy of a more general reputation, and who, under the inspiration of a wider field of culture and of that encouragement too much lacking in this prosaic Canada of ours, might have won a respectable place among their famous contemporaries. In romance, nothing remarkable has been done, while *Sam Slick, the Clockmaker*, is still the only noteworthy evidence we have of the existence of humor among our practical people, and his "wise saws," we remembered, were uttered fully half a century ago. Yet, on the whole, if great works are wanting nowadays, the intellectual movement is in the right direction, and according as the intellectual soil of Canada becomes enriched with the progress of culture, we may eventually look for a more generous fruition. The example of the United States, which has produced Poe, Longfellow, Irving, Hawthorne, Howells, Parkman, Lowell, Cable, and many others famous as poets, historians, and novelists, should encourage us to hope that in the later stages of its development the Canadian people, composed of two distinct nationalities, will prove that they inherit those

literary instincts which naturally belong to the races from which they have sprung.

The political system under which the provinces are now governed is eminently adapted to the circumstances of the whole country. Self-government exists in the full sense of the term. At the base of the political structure lie those municipal institutions which, for completeness, are not excelled in any other country. It is in the enterprising province of Ontario that the system has attained its greatest development. Every village, township, town, city, and county has its council, composed of reeves or mayors, and councilors or aldermen elected by the people, and having jurisdiction over all matters of local taxation and local improvement, in accordance with statutory enactments. Under the operation of these little local parliaments—the modern form taken by the folk-mote of old English times—every community, regularly organized under the law, is able to build its roads and bridges, light the streets, effect sanitary arrangements, and even initiate bonuses for the encouragement of lines of railway. The machinery of these municipalities is made to assist in raising the necessary support of public schools. Free libraries are provided for in every municipality, whenever the people choose, as in the enterprising city of Toronto and in the great midland capital of Birmingham, to tax themselves for the support of these necessary institutions. In the other provinces the system is less symmetrical than in Ontario, but even in the French section, and in the maritime provinces, where these institutions have been more recently adopted, the people have it within their power to manage all those minor local affairs which are necessary for the comfort, security, and convenience of the local divisions into which each province is divided for such purposes. Then we go up higher, to the provincial organizations governed by a lieutenant-governor, nominated and removable by the government of the Dominion, and advised by a council responsible to the people's representatives; with a legislature still composed, in the majority of the provinces, of two houses—a council appointed by the crown, except in Prince Edward Island, where it is elective; and an assembly chosen by the people, on a very liberal franchise. The fundamental law, known as the British North America Act, which was passed by the Imperial Parliament in 1867, gives jurisdiction to the provincial governments over education, provincial works, hospitals, asylums, and jails, administration of justice (except in criminal matters), municipal, and all other purely local affairs. In the territories not yet constituted into provinces there is provided a more simple machinery, in the shape of a council partly elective and partly nominated by the crown, which has the power

of passing, within certain defined limits, such ordinances as are necessary for the good government and security of the sparsely settled countries under its jurisdiction.* In accordance with a law recently passed, these territories are now, for the first time, represented in the Dominion Parliament—another step in the direction of the more perfect organization and development of the North-west territories. These representatives have all the rights and privileges of members of the organized provinces, and are not the mere territorial delegates of the United States Congress. The central or general government of the Dominion is administered by a governor-general, with the assistance of a privy council, a parliament, composed of a senate appointed by the crown, and a house of commons elected under an electoral franchise—practically on the very threshold of universal suffrage. This government has jurisdiction over trade and commerce, post-office, militia and defense, navigation and shipping, fisheries, railways and public works, of a Dominion character, and all other matters of general or national import. The appointment of a governor-general by the crown; the power of disallowing bills which may interfere with imperial obligations, and the right which Canadians still enjoy of appealing to the judicial committee of the privy council, from the subordinate courts of the provinces, including the supreme court of Canada;† the obligation which rests upon England to assist the colony in the time of danger, by all the power of her army and fleet, together with the fact that all treaties with foreign powers must be necessarily negotiated through the imperial authorities, will be considered as the most patent evidences of Canada being still a dependency of the empire. Even the restraint imposed upon Canada with respect to any matters involving negotiations with foreign powers, has been modified to a great degree by the fact that England has always acknowledged, for over thirty years, that Canada should be not only consulted in every particular, but actually represented in all negotiations that may be carried on with foreign powers, affecting her commercial or territorial interests.‡ From this brief historical summary of the leading features of the political organization of Canada it will be seen how remarkable has been the expansion of the liberties of the people since 1837, when they exercised no control over the Executive,

* In the session of 1886, by 49 Vict., c. 24.

† A Supreme Court of Canada was established in 1875 by 38 Vict., c. 11. Lord Durham, in his *Report*, recommended the establishment of such a court, p. 101.

‡ For instance, in the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and the B. N. A. Provinces, Lord Elgin, Governor-General, with Mr. Hincks, then Prime Minister, conducted the negotiations on behalf of Canada at Washington.—Dent's *Canada*, ii., 284. In the Washington Treaty of 1871, Canada was represented by Sir John A. Macdonald. *Ibid.*, p. 511.

when England imposed restrictions on their trade, and the officials of Downing Street were practically the governing powers.

One of the most encouraging results of this political system has been not merely the material development of the country, but the creation of that national sentiment which must lie at the basis of any political structure, if it is to withstand the storm of passion and faction which from time to time will beat against its walls. The government of an immense country like Canada is surrounded with many difficulties which an Englishman or American, not thoroughly conversant with its history and condition, can hardly realize. The great extent of territory and the diverse interests of the populations that inhabit it from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, require that there should be much wisdom and patience used in the exercise of the large responsibility which these circumstances throw upon the government. If we look at the map, we see lying on the Atlantic seaboard three provinces whose industries are chiefly maritime, and whose propinquity to the United States naturally gives great importance to the commercial arrangement that may exist with that country. These provinces are separated by many hundreds of miles from the populous, prolific province of Ontario, and all commercial intercourse must be by means of a circuitous railroad, or by the long and expensive navigation of the St. Lawrence. To encourage provincial trade under these circumstances, and make the people see that their true interests should not lie in dependence on the United States, or on any single country, but upon opening up new avenues of commerce, whenever practicable, has been the natural policy of the government ever since 1867. The result has been, on the whole, moderately successful, considering that the fight has been not merely against geographical obstacles, but also against the antagonism exhibited by American politicians, who have steadily been working to disturb the commercial relations between Canada and the United States, with the view of obtaining access to the great fisheries which surround the maritime provinces, on terms the most favorable possible to themselves. The firmness with which the government has adhered to the rights it possesses in the fisheries, and the liberality with which it has promoted maritime interests by the construction of railways and other public works necessary to the maritime development of the country, have succeeded in restraining, to a considerable degree, the clamor that has been raised against the operation of the Union. The situation has still its difficulties; a cry for secession is heard ever and anon in some quarter in Nova Scotia; but there is every reason to believe that the national sentiment is largely predominant, and that the great mass of the people clearly see that by strengthening the confederation they are assur-

ing their true happiness and prosperity in the end, and that to weaken or destroy it by the withdrawal of any single province would mean the destruction of British interests on the continent and the annexation of Canada eventually to the United States. Then, leaving that branch of the subject, if we look at the distinct national elements that exist throughout Canada, we have further evidence of the difficulties with which a government has to contend in striving to secure the unity and security of this widely extended confederation. When the Canadian provinces were united, in 1840, the French Canadians were restive, and uncertain of their future. The Act of Union was considered by many of them as an attempt to make them subservient to British influences.* The elimination of their language from legislative records was to them a great grievance, because it was, in their opinion, clear evidence of the spirit which lay at the basis of the Union. As a matter of fact, however, the Union Act was a measure which from the very outset gave Lower Canada a political superiority in the government of the whole country. The representation of the two provinces was equal in the Assembly, but the greater unity that distinguished the French Canadians in all matters that might affect their political power or their provincial interests, naturally enabled them to dominate the English parties, divided among themselves on so many political issues. The French language was soon restored to its old place, and step by step all the principles that the popular party of Lower Canada had been fighting for previous to 1840 were granted—even an elective legislative council—under the new *régime*. The consequence was that French Canada eventually recognized its power, and its people forgot their old grievances, and were ready to sustain the Union into which they had entered with doubt and apprehension. It was the English-speaking people of the West that now raised a clamor against "French domination," when the representation granted in 1840 did not do justice to the increase of population in Upper Canada, where, since that year, the progress had been more rapid than in the French section. The consequence was that the two provinces, united in law, were practically divided on the floor of Parliament, and government at last became almost impossible from the division of parties and the controlling influence of French Canada, always determined to yield nothing to the cry from the Upper Province that would destroy the equality of representation. The solution of these difficulties, arising, it will be seen, from national antagonism, was found in a federal union, under which Lower Canada obtained supreme control over the provincial matters in which she has an immediate

* See address of M. Lafontaine (Turcotte, *Canada sous l'Union*, i., 60), in which he showed the injustice of the Act of Union.

interest, and at the same time has been able to exercise great influence in national affairs by means of her large representation in the Dominion Parliament. The results of the political changes which have occurred since the days of Lord Durham have been very different from what he hoped would be the case when he wrote his famous Report, throughout which there is a strong desire to diminish French Canadian influence and gradually absorb the nationality in the English-speaking people.

In Lord Durham's opinion, "the first and steady purpose of the British Government should be to establish an English population, with English laws and language, in this province, and to trust its government to none but a decidedly English legislature." * As a matter of fact, Lord Durham entirely underrated the national instincts of the French Canadian population and the tenacity with which they cling to their national life.

Le Canadien, a newspaper established in French Canadian interests in the early days of this century, struck the key-note of French Canadian inspiration when it adopted as its motto "*Notre langue, notre foi, et nos institutions.*" Under the favorable conditions of the federal system Quebec has become essentially a French Canadian province, in which the English are actually in a very small minority, though it is one distinguished as always by its great intelligence and superior enterprise. In the province of Ontario the French race has recently controlled the election of more than one county which heretofore had been English in its representation. The very "National Policy,"† under which an artificial stimulus has been given to manufactures, has created industries in which the French Canadians can find continual employment, instead of migrating to the mills of Holyoke and Lowell. At the same rate of progress, and under an equally favorable condition of things, five millions of French-speaking people will inhabit the Dominion in a couple of decades. In the nature of things they must always exercise a powerful influence on the future destiny of the young confederation. It is, therefore, all-important to understand their actual sentiment with respect to the Union. At times, when they believe their nationality is in danger, or an injustice has been done to one of their race, they become aggressive, but, happily for the peace and unity of the country, the conservative instincts of the leading classes ultimately prevail over the passion and impulsiveness of the masses.

When reason and common-sense obtain the mastery, all classes can hardly fail to see that the institutions which they value so highly can only

* *Report*, p. 92.

† The Protective System, or "National Policy," as its friends prefer to call it, was adopted in 1879 by Sir John A. Macdonald's government, which is still in power.

be preserved by such a system of government as they now possess under the protecting influence of the imperial state, and were they to-morrow to find themselves in the ranks of the United States, their position would, in all probability, become eventually like that of their compatriots in Louisiana—interesting from the point of view of the antiquarian and the student of human life, but insignificant from a political or national aspect. At times, when the French Canadians press their national prejudices to extremes, a spirit of antagonism is at once evoked between them and the English classes, but the unfortunate state of things that existed before 1837 no longer shows itself with its original intensity, and whatever jealousies and rivalries break out now and then above the surface are sooner or later carried away by the current of sound public opinion, anxious for the harmony of all classes and creeds, and only solicitous for the safe working of the Union. A certain rivalry will always exist between the two nationalities, but as long as moderate and conciliatory counsels prevail, it will be, let us hope, the rivalry of peoples animated by the same patriotic impulses, and engaged in the same great work of building up a new nation on this continent. At all events, a great deal has been gained since 1837, in the direction of creating a friendly and harmonious feeling between the distinct races, who, at one time in their history, seemed on the point of engaging in an internecine conflict like that which convulsed the North and South for years.

In the preceding view it has been the object of the writer to refer only to those salient features of the development of Canada which stand out in remarkable contrast with the state of things in 1837, and to point out how much reason Canadians have for congratulating themselves on the events of a reign in which they have laid the foundations of their happiness and prosperity as one of the great communities which make up the empire. It is not within the scope of this paper to point out the shadows that may obscure the panorama as it unfolds itself to us. It would be strange if, in the government of a country like Canada, many mistakes have not been made, or if there were not many difficulties in store for the youthful confederation. Mr. Goldwin Smith, from time to time, has been disposed to perform the part of the Greek chorus to the gloomy predictions of the enemies and lukewarm friends of the confederation, but Canadians will hardly allow themselves to be influenced by purely pessimistic utterances in the face of the difficulties that they have hitherto so successfully encountered, and of the courage and hopes that animate them for the future. For a century and a half the French Canadians fought and bled for their country, they had to face famine and savages, war with the British, and, what was worse, the neglect and indifference of the parent state at the most

critical periods of their history; but since the conquest they have built up a large community by the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, and even the superior energy and enterprise of the English Canadians have not prevented them from creating a province which is essentially French Canadian, and affords many evidences of prosperity, due to the hardihood of the race that inhabits it. A century and more has passed since the English-speaking people sought their fortunes in the West or on the shores of the Atlantic. For years many of these hardy pioneers led toilsome lives—lives of solitude, among the great forests that then overshadowed the whole country; but year by year the darkness of the woods was brightened by bursts of sunlight, as the ax opened up new centres of settlement and echoed the progress of the advance guards of civilization. Years of hardship and struggle ensued, and political difficulties followed, to add to individual trials, but the people were courageous and industrious, and soon surmounted the obstacles of early times. The material development went hand in hand with the political progress of the country. The magnificent heritage which the people of Canada now own is the result of unremitting toil and never-failing patience, and, summing up the achievements of the past, they may well look forward with hopefulness to the future, for of them may it be truly said,

“— Men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they will do.”

What is to be the next great step in the political career of Canada is a question which frequently occurs to imperial as well as colonial statesmen. One thing is quite certain, that the movement is toward the placing of the relations between the parent state and its great dependency on a basis which will strengthen the empire and at the same time give Canada even a higher position in the councils of the imperial state. The federation of the empire, in the full sense of the term, may be considered by some practical politicians as a mere political phantasm, never likely to come out in a tangible form from the clouds where it is now concealed; and yet who can doubt that out of the grand conception which first originated in the brain of Franklin and Otis* statesmen may yet evolve some scheme that will render the empire secure from the dangers which arise from continuous isolation, and from the growth of peculiar and distinct interests, that naturally result from the geographical situation of communities so widely separated from each other throughout the world? Looking at the history of this colonial dependency for fifty years, one can see in its political devel-

* See Hosmer's *Life of Samuel Adams* (American Statesmen Series), chap. v.

opment—in all the changes that have characterized its career—there runs “an increasing purpose.” The statesmen of England and her colonies have, perhaps, builded better than they knew. The destiny “that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will” has been carrying the empire in a direction beyond the ken and conception of probably the most sanguine and practical minds. Do not the measures of union and confederation to which I have referred, those projects of colonial conferences and imperial institutes, that are now occupying the attention of princes, statesmen, and writers, prove that the thoughts of men are indeed widened throughout England and her dependencies “by the process of the suns,” and that the powerful current of human thought and progress which is everywhere making itself felt is carrying forward the empire, not into an unknown sea of doubt and peril, where it may split into many fragments, but into a haven where it may rest in the tranquil waters of peace and security?

Geo. Bowring

OTTAWA, CANADA.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

One of the most cultivated of contemporary writers on art is Albert Wolff, who has had the advantage of intimate personal acquaintance with many of the great artists of modern France, and who in the discussion of their important works is able to give specific information of the first interest and importance. In the preface to a beautiful little volume, *Notes upon Certain Masters of the XIX Century*, privately printed, Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, writes: "The exhibition in 1883, in the Rue de Séze, of one hundred of the most celebrated paintings then owned in Paris, was the most notable event of its kind that had happened in the artistic history of that city. Americans who were abroad in that year, and saw this wonderful collection, might well congratulate themselves upon their good fortune; for it was as unique as it was memorable—unprecedented then, impossible now. Here were assembled in a spacious gallery some eighty of the choicest pearls of the greatest period of modern art. Never had such a representation been seen of the phalanx of 1830." Several of these "pearls" have been purchased and brought to this country, where they may be seen and studied by our own people at their leisure. The presence of such a private gallery in our midst as that of Mr. Walters educates the public taste for art in its best and most refining sense; it is there we find the most contemplative and poetic Millet, the best Delacroix, the most exquisite Alma Tadema, the finest of the Fortuny pictures, and the most notable examples of other distinguished artists. In connection with the masterpieces of Jean-François Millet, every reader will be interested in the following graphic sketch by Wolff, "whose writing," it has been said, "deserves to be put alongside the paintings he describes," and in whose company it is always agreeable to study and become personally acquainted with the masters. He says:

An evening of autumn in an indigent peasant's cabin; the poorly clothed children, shivering with cold, return from school; others, mere infants, cast an apprehensive look into the eating-room and ask why the table is not set. The mother regards them affectionately; her eyes seem to interrogate the husband on his entrance; and he falls despairingly into the rude wooden armchair and rests his head upon his hands. To-day there is nothing to eat in the humble home at Barbizon, in the pretty village of the Fontainebleau forest. The children, saddened by the silence of their parents, cling around them; they feel that some great trouble hovers over the house. The night comes on little by little, and this lamentable family picture is plunged in darkness. From time to time the damp wood flames up an instant and reveals the discouraging group with a hasty glare, quickly extinguished. The inhabitants of this home are in need of everything. The baker

has stopped his credit. If the family friend who went yesterday to Paris does not return before an hour is out the poor people must go to bed without having eaten. They count the minutes. Nothing comes.

Suddenly the father rises; he has heard the stumping of a wooden leg on the hard ground. It is he! The door opens. "Give us some light!" cries a strong voice. From this peremptory tone they perceive that the friend brings good news. Just now this distressed family were afraid to look at each other; now hope springs up again; the tallow candle in the old candlestick of tin is ignited; in the doorway is seen the outline of a man of tall stature, who, with an echoing peal of laughter, shows an enormous loaf, which he throws on the table, crying, "Come, children, come to supper!" This savior is Diaz. At Paris he has sold, for sixty francs, three drawings of his friend Millet, and, after the fashion of the day when gold was not so common, he has been paid in big silver five-franc pieces; he has changed one of them in passing the baker's to attend first to the needful: he draws out the other eleven pieces, one after one, from the pocket of his velvet trousers; makes them shine in the light of the tallow candle and form a fine silver wreath all around the loaf. The delighted children, wondering at the treasure, have come up to the table and open their eyes wide with astonishment and delight. The mother thanks Diaz with a glance; she finds no word fit to express her gratitude. The father has seized his friend's hand and presses it feelingly. And now everybody is set to work; the fire is stirred; now the boiling water hisses in the pot, and some potatoes, some pork-fat, some cabbages, are found to throw into it along with the crusts. The fumes of this feast mount through the house and fly to the heads of the poor hungry ones, and soon the family is united around the white deal table. Millet alone is thoughtful, for he has to think of the morrow. But Diaz encourages him; his eyes shine brightly, he gives enormous thumps on the floor with his wooden leg, and cries:

"Patience! They will come to it gradually! Rousseau has sold a landscape for five hundred francs; for my part, I have sold a view of Fontainebleau for seventy-five francs. And I am commissioned to ask you for companion sketches to your drawings. And this time, instead of twenty francs, they are to pay you twenty-five!"

To which Millet replies resignedly:

"If I could only sell two drawings a week at that price all would go right!"

And Diaz, blowing the smoke thick from his pipe and making rings to amuse the children, says:

"Are you not ashamed? Fifty francs a week? Go to, you financier!"

The man whom Diaz facetiously called financier to recall him from his visions of gold and bind him to the reality of things below was Jean-François Millet—that is to say, one of the greatest artists of this century. Born at Gréville in 1815, he came to Paris and got himself entered in the studio of Paul Delaroche. In the midst of the young men who pursued their studies with the painter, Millet made

himself conspicuous by an austerity which was in singular contrast with his years. It was because he was always contrasting the style he was being taught with the style he glimpsed in his own brain. No doubt it was well to learn anatomy and study the structure of man; but when this was done, it was not the thing to pass one's life in painting after models in theatrical dresses and in affected postures; rather seize man in his life, in his ordinary surroundings, in his toil. Those peasants of light opera especially, shown in paintings, those peasants in Sunday rigs, with clothes fresh from the costumer, irritated him. Millet had always liked the country; he betook himself to the village of Barbizon, which he was doomed never to quit; he wished to live among the peasants. Far from Paris, in this unknown village, living was cheap; and the less he had to think of the money question the more time he could devote to the study of art. In this insulation of his mind, in this perpetual contemplation of the peasant in his own medium, the genius of Millet ripened, notwithstanding the cares and privation of every day. This art proceeds, we may say, from the very entrails of Millet; he bears upon no predecessor; it has nature for its fountain, and for nursing father the rope-mind of the painter.

His family increased around Millet; numerous children surrounded the grand artist, and their needs became more pressing. However humble was the course of living to which Millet and his flock resigned themselves, it was impossible always to face the modest expense. The public, accustomed to the pretty peasant scenes in vogue, asked where these earth-covered laborers came from, and these rough countrymen with their trouble-crushed expressions and callous hands. Such demonstrations of country poverty made a sorry effect in the houses of the rich, who hung their walls with painting for a diversion; the style of Millet rebuked their well-being, and it was rejected. Whence came this melancholy art, lacking in superficial attraction! It was not at all cheerful, not at all pleasant. Only a few refined spirits comprehended him, but most generally it was some modest collector, or a keen speculator who bethought himself that at the present price of Millet's works one risked no great matter. It was in this way that a little masterpiece, the first thought of the *Gleaners*, which is now worth sixty thousand francs, was sold by Millet for twelve pieces of one hundred sous. It was an enormous sum for this innocent man, for it represented bread for twelve days; in other words nearly two weeks of independence for this genius, contented in his patriarchal existence. Provided that after the day's labor he had at evening the soup of the peasant with a bit of hard bread, and the cool water from the spring, the rest was of little consequence. At night, when the children were put to bed, the great artist would read the Bible by the light of a lamp, not so much from devotion as to fortify and guarantee himself by the example of the simple-living patriarchs; often his friend and neighbor, Théodore Rousseau, came to sit facing him; then these two neglected ones would take their mutual revenge for the disdain of the age, and draw the strength for to-morrow's struggle out of a common enthusiasm for art. Thirty

years of self-denial, resignation, and daily discouragement were needed before the painter could at length make his mark; and as it was fated that he should be the martyr of art to the very end, sickness seized upon him in the hour when he at length attained his aim, plunging him in the grave just when renown attached itself finally to his talent.

There is no more touching story than that of this great artist, who passed his life in poverty and loneliness. The canvases which now form the glory of French art passed unnoticed at the official Salons, disdained by the juries; the juries exclusively picked out of the Institute, which was omnipotent at that period, and which, though since somewhat transformed, was then in the systematic habit of rejecting the fine and living works which lift so high the art of France. Millet's paintings, at first rejected, were afterwards admitted at the Salons, but with no success; the artist was reproached for creating ugliness—that is to say, for not painting the conventional peasantry harmoniously shaped and garnished with all the graces. Millet saw the peasant as a being with round shoulders and hollow chest, from the habit of stooping over the ground; with face and arms baked in the sun and tanned by the wind. In those deathless masterpieces of his the peasant appears in the majestic verity of the human creature wrestling with the earth, which he impregnates and makes to live. But there came no awards from the Salon, no pay, no sort of encouragement, with the exception of the bravos of certain youthful artists and the applause of some rare art critics, who gradually rallied to the side of this original genius. Through every kind of neglect Millet pursued his road, with head high and ironical lip. He had on his side the approbation of those whom he esteemed the most—Delacroix, Rousseau, Dupré, Corot, Diaz, and of that other great artist so long overlooked, Barye. The common struggle had established something like a brotherhood of arms among all these pioneers. The little group marched hand in hand against superior numbers—the whole sleek mediocrity of art—as a handful of heroes marches to fight a numerous army, with the determination to conquer or die. Of all those fine artists Millet alone was not to know success. His destiny was cruel to the end; he fell mortally wounded in the combat, at the hour of the others' triumph. When, finally, after such tedious struggles and such sickening toil, his art began to be talked of, the painter, struck down by sickness, had lost his strength and energy. We may say of Millet that he died of his genius, conquered before his time, fallen to earth at the moment when age was only just foreseen, an age that would have been gentle and happy; and that he left to posterity, which restores the balance of all things, the care of keeping his name as that of one of the greatest in French art.

In the exhibition of the Hundred Masterpieces the genius of Millet burst forth still more powerfully than in the past. Three of his canvases, especially, represented the whole career of the artist; three absolute masterpieces, the *Gleaners*, the *Sheepfold by Moonlight*, the *Man Hoeing*; all three give birth to the same surprise. It is that the figures, in their small dimensions, assume under the eye that

contemplates them the scale of nature. This mirage is explained by the grandeur of this art springing from nature itself and drawing you to nature with all her force. The eye sees the thing in the dimensions which it actually has ; and it is thus that it stamps itself on the memory. A great artist is able to reduce proportions without belittling the majesty of things.

That is what happens with the *Angelus*, for instance. When we regard this grand masterpiece, which shows in all simplicity the man and the woman who clasp their hands in prayer as they hear the sound of the chimes through the loneliness of the fields, these two peasants seem to grow under the eyes of the spectator ; they take the proportions of nature ; the landscape spreads and becomes illimitable ; the glowing sky has a mysterious breadth ; as long as we abide in the charm we feel this illusion.

It is the same with the *Man Hoeing*, one of the masterworks of Millet. The peasant is there, leaning on his hoe, panting in an instant's surcease of toil that crushes. He leans forward, like a being whose will revolts against the triumph of the besieging weariness. The action is so keenly taken, the forms are drawn in such living lines, the drama of humility wrestling with the earth is so powerfully indicated, that the peasant assumes the natural proportions under the spectator's eye. We suffer with his toil ; we are, like himself, overcome with the superfluity of travail laid upon mankind ; he lives, and we live with him ; the field he tills spreads away out of eyesight ; we no longer think of a picture, so entirely does the truth of art carry us to nature itself. It is just so that we have all of us seen the laborer bent over the soil, and before the reality we have felt the same respect and the same pity going out from us toward the simple, resigned being, whose chest bursts with the sob of a blacksmith's bellows, which we can hear in the solitude like an unconscious outcry of humility against destiny. The painter who knows how to invest so much thinking in one sole figure, who succeeds in stirring the soul with this simple rustic situation, is a grand master, believe me. In none of his works has Millet been more simply powerful. I only know of one design where he has put such a poignant drama into a single figure—I mean the *Vine-Dresser*. He is seated on a hillock, worn out, bruised by fatigue, breathing hard, with the dreadful look of a being so stupefied by savage labor that he no longer thinks of anything ; his head sinks ; his arms fall, overcome, down his sides ; the hands hang inert ; there is no will left in this figure, stupid after expending the last of his physical forces. None better than Millet could comprehend and render this struggle of man, against his work ; he, the great victim, whose entire life was the fight of each day for the daily bread ; how many a time himself, panting, worn out, broken and discouraged, he had sat down by the wayside !

All these fine productions only rallied to the side of the painter the more enthusiastic among the young. The official juries of the Salon passed unheeding before this new force, and kept their kindness for the affectations of comic opera peasant girls. They were still under the controlling spell of the Italian peasant of

Léopold Robert; his elegant harvesters, with their select postures, grouping themselves in tableaux vivants, and composed with plenty of good taste; dressed, too, in polychrome costume on which the delving of the earth had left never a trace. It was in the full bloom of that commanding style that Millet came forward with his veritable peasantry, in their energetic attitudes, and with their clothes that little by little had taken the earth color, so completely had man assimilated himself with the soil. This lacks poetry, people said; in other words, this lacked falsehood. There was no arrangement for dazzling the eye; in this style everything addressed itself to the thought. It was not on the surface of the canvas that the poetry lay; it was in the essence of those creations. Millet was a grand primitive bard issuing from solitude and contemplation like the old poets sprung from the heart of the people, of whom the names have disappeared, but whose works have remained as imperishable manifestations of the human soul.

This poetic originality varied with the subject. If it terrified in the *Man Hoeing*, it took a gentle aspect in the *Gleaners*. The harvest is gathered; the farmer reckons the stacks which his laborers form under the limpid and cheerful sunshine. Earth has been generous to such a point that even the unhappy can claim their share. Poor women are gleanng the scattered stalks. They gather the alms of the fields, with movements full of truth and grace; the light is kind to all, to the farmer as to the humble, to each in the proportion that destiny has allotted him; all are happy in the measure of their ambitions. The artist, too, maintains his work in a contented keynote; here the poetry of Millet relents; the sun is not only spread over the landscape, but its rays penetrate into the soul, and warm for an instant the heart chilled with poverty.

The *Sheepfold* is another masterpiece. The mist wraps the whole scene; the shepherd is enveloped in his cloak, and drives into the inclosure his flock of sheep, who huddle together under the keenness of the night; the moon lights up the scene with its pale and undecided radiance; further than eye can see, a silence hangs over the fields. This canvas is only some twenty inches wide, and it produces the effect of a work of vastest proportions; poetry penetrates, solitude invades the fancy so completely that we think no more of the size of the picture. It becomes immense, like nature.

Little by little, from the habit of identifying himself with the men of the fields, Millet had himself become a peasant. Tall in stature, with powerful shoulders, with a face sunbrowned but full of character, dressed in poor clothes and with wooden shoes on his feet, he might have been taken for a plowman. In the peasants of his works we find again the artist himself; he claimed to have got into his painting that which he called the cry of the earth, and the "ugh!" of the digger whose chest was crushed between his strokes. We might say, too, that Millet got into his painting the cry of art, and the sob of the grand painter condemned to live in privation.

Notwithstanding, before his death Millet could see advancing towards him the

step of justice, the never-dying, the eternal laggard. When for the first time, at the Exposition of 1867, the public saw a number of his works brought together in one spot, they were struck by the variety of that art which till then had been called monotonous. A first-class medal was deigned to be thrown to this grand genius, who, since the Salon of 1853, had not carried off any prize ; there was even added, to do honor to the order, rather than the recipient, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which, after thirty years of noblest toil, was to be the consolation of this illustrious man, a martyr to every kind of affliction. When Millet died, at sixty years, in that village of Barbizon where all his humble and resigned existence was passed, the Government manifested some shame at having left the illustrious artist so long in abandonment. It offered his widow a small pension. It is not seemly to insist too much on the poor question of money when we count up the labors of a man who set disdainfully aside the considerations of success to be able to live only in his art.

One day, while talking with me of the period of poverty which the artists of his generation had passed through, Rousseau said :

"We were always without a sou, but we never spoke of money, for money counted for nothing in our ambition."

When we speak of Millet it is more seemly, again, to touch lightly on the question of prices, which prove nothing. The *Man Hoeing*, which represents a fortune, is no greater a work to-day than at the period when the great artist sold it for two thousand francs. The years of wretchedness which Millet passed through will be redeemed by the centuries of imperishable glory which await his name in the future. The humble thatched cottage of Barbizon, where the life of Millet flowed along, pertains to history more than the rich mansion of a fortunate man in easy circumstances, where the stone stands generally unhallowed and unspeaking, without a recollection of the being whose life has slipped through it.

SIR THOMAS DALE'S INDIANS IN LONDON

Sir Thomas Dale, after a career of military strictness in the valley of the James River, which a subsequent General Assembly of Virginia termed "Scythian cruelty," one day, in the pleasant month of June, 1616, appeared in London, never to return to America. With him came a party of the natives, whose presence was the talk of all the city, the dwellers in the houses around Westminster, as well as in the dirty huts around the ancient church, then, as now, called by the people White Chapel. Letters sent from London to friends in rural England, or to those residing on the continent of Europe, were full of descriptions of the Virginians. George, Lord Carew, on the 20th of June wrote to Sir Thomas Roe: "Sir Thomas Dale returned from Virginia, he hath brought divers men and women of that country to be educated here, and one Rolfe who married a daughter of Pohetan the barbarous prince, called Pocahontas, hath brought his wife with him into England."

Among the Indians was one called Abraham, another, Tamocomo, a brother-in-law of Pocahontas, and a maiden, perhaps a sister of Rolfe's wife. They were treated with much attention, and entertained by members of the Virginia Company. Samuel Purchas, a London divine, wrote: "With this savage (Tamocomo) I have often conversed at my good friend's Master Doctor Gulstone where he was a frequent guest and where I have seen him dance his diabolical measures." Gulston was an eminent physician, fond of rarities of all description, the founder of the Gulstonian lecture, which still exists in the London College of Physicians. He was a prominent member of the Virginia Company, fond of entertaining notables, and if he had been living in New York City, when the savage Sitting Bull, the slayer of General Custer and his command, was there, would probably have invited him to meet some friends at his house, and perform his "diabolical measures."

The change from the spare diet, scant clothing, and well-ventilated wigwams, to the foggy atmosphere, close apartments, roast beef, and foaming beer of London, produced sickness and death among the children of the forests of America. Langborne Ward at the time of their visit was a great social and commercial center. Here men had bought and sold, for many generations. Even when Edward the Second was King, the merchants of Florence, and strangers of other nations, twice a day assembled to barter their wares, on one of the streets, which took the name of Lombard, and here they continued to meet until the Royal Exchange in Cornhill was erected.

From Lombard Street, Fen Church Street leads to Aldgate, and in the midst of Fen Church Street was a small parish church, called St. Gabriel, while not far

from it, in the back, or rear, at the south-west corner of Lime Street, stood the fair parish church of St. Dionis, on account of its position commonly called the Back Church. On the right of Fen Church Street was Philpot Lane, named for John Philpot, grocer, and Mayor of London, who had a fine house there, in the days of Richard the Second. This lane was short, but on each side were several large mansions, occupied by prominent citizens. In one dwelt Sir Thomas Smith, a leading merchant, the Governor of the Virginia Company, a controlling spirit, also the East India and Muscovia trading corporations, successful in business and in favor with James the First.

On the sixth day of August, 1616, the lane was black with a surging crowd. The idle, the curious, the unwashed from Aldgate suburb, were there in force, and their faces all turned toward the great house of Sir Thomas Smith. At length, the dead body of one of the Indians, brought by Sir Thomas Dale, was borne out, followed by surviving natives and the members of the Virginia Company. As the procession slowly moved toward St. Dionis Church, the sidewalks were filled and every window of the houses had down-turned eyes. To this day in the Register of the Church may be seen the entry: "*A Virginian, called Abraham, buried out of Sir Thomas Smith's House.*"

One cannot help thinking that some such funeral suggested to Shakespeare the words of Trinculo, in the play of the *Tempest*:

"Were I in England now as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there, but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there, makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten, to see a dead Indian."

A few weeks later it was known among the populace that there was another dead Indian in Philpot Lane, and on the twenty-eighth of October a gaping crowd followed after the remains to the same church, and of the burial is the brief record, "*A Virginian out of Sir Thomas Smith's.*" On the fifteenth of November, a third Indian was buried from the same place.

It is noteworthy, that on the twenty-seventh of the next month after this last burial, Fen Church Street in the neighborhood of St. Dionis Church was again filled, while the church was occupied by members of the East India Company and a large congregation assembled to witness the baptism of a young East Indian who had been taught to read by Patrick Copeland, the minister who in after years projected the first free school for Virginia, and contended for a free church in every land. While no record has been found, it is probable that the surviving Indians from the Western continent were present upon this interesting occasion. Archbishop Abbot considered the baptized young man "as the first fruits of India."

Simon de Passe, the celebrated engraver of the day, about this time produced a portrait which had a ready sale, surrounded with the Latin legend, "*Matoaka al's Rebecca filia potentiss. princ. Powhatani Imp. Virginiae,*" with a statement below, "*Matoaks al's Rebecka daughter to the Mighty Prince Powhatan Emperour of*

Adanoughskomouck, al's Virginia, converted and baptized in the Christian faith and wife to the worth Mr. John Rolff."

On Twelfth Night, in January, 1616-17, O. S., Ben Jonson's *Christmas, his Mask* was played at Court. During the festivities the Earl of Montgomery and the recently created Earl of Buckingham danced with the Queen. Pocahontas and her brother-in-law Tanocomo were lookers-on, although at that time it had been decided that she should go back to Virginia. The gossiping Chamberlain, a few days after, writes to Sir Dudley Carleton of the Virginian woman: "She is upon her return, though sore against her will, if the wind would about to send her away."

Chamberlain, the same letter writer, on March 29, 1617, informs Carleton that "the Virginian woman whose picture I sent you died this last week [the 21st] at Gravesend as she was returning homeward."

Ben Jonson, in the play, *Staple of News*, slightly alludes to her in a dialogue between Pickwick and Penny Boy Canter.

Pick. A tavern's as unfit for a Princess——

P. B. C. No, I have known a Princess and a great one,
Come forth of a tavern.

Pick. Not go in sir, though.

P. B. C. She must go in, if she came forth: the blessed
Pocahontas, as the historian calls her,
And great king's daughter of Virginia,
Hath been in womb, of tavern."

John Rolfe left her child in England, and returned to Virginia. William Pierce, a prosperous colonist, who came to Virginia in 1610, at the same time as John Rolfe, had a daughter Jane, who became the wife of the latter, and by her had a daughter, Elizabeth, who was born not many months before his death. In his will, made in March, 1622, he describes his wife Jane, and two children of tender age, Thomas and Elizabeth. Six months after his death, on the 7th of October, 1622, the following entry was made in the records of the Virginia Company: "Mr. Henry Rolfe in his petition desiring the estate his brother John Rolfe deceased, left in Virginia, might be inquired into and converted to the best use for the maintenance of his relict wife and children; and for his indemnity having brought up the child his said brother had by Powhatan's daughter."

In *Virginia Vetusta*, published by Munsell's Sons, Albany, New York, it has been assumed that this extract shows that the widow, Jane Rolfe, had children, and that the children mentioned in the will "of tender age" were heirs, while there was another child by Powhatan's daughter. A more careful examination of the above extract, however, does not satisfy me that the word children applies only to the issue of the widow Jane. The tradition that Thomas Rolfe, son of Pocahontas, married Jane Pyers or Poyers is hardly tenable, as that was the maiden name of his father's last wife.

Some of the Indians who came with Dale remained in England to be educated, but they proved "thorns in the flesh" to their friends. Sir Edwin Sandys, when head of the Virginia Company, speaking of the training of Indians, said: "Now to send for them into England, and to have them educated here, he found upon experience of those brought by Sir Tho. Dale might be far from the Christian work intended."

On the 11th of May, 1620, O. S., Sir William Throckmorton informed the Company that one of the maids which Sir Thomas Dale brought from Virginia, a native of the country, who for some time was a servant with a mercer in Cheapside, was now very weak of consumption at the home of the old and honored minister of Black Friars, William Gorge, who had taken great pains to comfort her, both in soul and body. After this narrative, the Company agreed to pay twenty shillings a week for the administering of physic and cordials. A few months later there were but two Virginia Indian maids left in London, and the company endeavored to find places for them as servants, but in June, 1621, they were still receiving support from the Company, and it was resolved to send them to the Somers Islands, with the view of marriage to some of the white colonists. On the voyage one died, but the survivor, in the autumn of 1621, arrived at the Bermudas, and the next spring was duly married to one of the colonists who was ready to take her "for better, for worse."

At the time of the wedding a trading vessel from Virginia was in port. The Hakluyt Society of London has recently published a manuscript narrative of Bermudas written about this period, and in it the marriage is thus noticed: "In the interym of the shyp's abode here, the marriage of the Virginia mayde recommended unto the Guernour by the Virginia Company resident in London; she being then married to as fitt and agreeable a husband as the place could afford and the wedding feste kept at the time in the Guernour's house and at his charge; whereto not only the Master of the shipp and some other strangers were invited, but not fewer than one hundred persons were made guests and dined with all sortes of provision that the island could afford, in a very plentifull manner. It was thought to be done in a more fashionable and full manner, that the strangers at their return to Virginia might find reason to carry a good testimony with them at the wellfare and plenty of the plantation, as also that the kindred and freindes of the Virginia bride, who were prime commandours and not less than Viceroyes among the nearest neighbouring Indians to the English, which ther might receive a certe knowlidge of the well being of their kinds women [kinswoman], and by the good respect and kind usage shewed unto her among the English be enceuraged both to continue and augment their former friendship and to become Christians themselves; to which ende also, the Guernour wrote letters of advice to the Guernour in Virginia, and caused the mayde herselfe likewise to doe as much to her brother, who, by her father's late death had succeeded in all his royalties and commande."

Her brother must have been Opachankano, who, upon the death of Powhatan in

1618, became head chief of his tribe. In this case, the Indian maid was a sister of Pocahontas, and, perhaps, that one of whom Hamor spoke to Powhatan, in behalf of Dale, in these words : "The bruit of the exquisite perfection of your youngest daughter being famous through all your territories, hath come to the hearing of your brother Sir Thomas Dale, who for this purpose hath ordered me hither to entreat you to permit her, with me, to return unto him, partly for the desire her sister hath to see her, of whom, if fame hath not been prodigal, as like enough it hath not, your brother, by your favor, would gladly, make his nearest companion, wife, and bed-fellow ; and the reason whereof is, being now friendly, and finally united together, and made one people, in the bond of love, he would make a natural union between us, principally because himself hath taken resolution to dwell in your country, so long as he liveth, and would therefore not only have the firmest assurance in the way of perpetual friendship for you but also heartily bind himself hereunto."

Dale's proposition was not entertained by Powhatan, who had just sold his daughter, not twelve years old, to an Indian, for two bushels of beads, but three years later she may have gone to England as a companion to her sister.

Before the ship returned to Virginia with the letter relative to the marriage at Bermudas, the savages, on Friday, 22d of March, 1621-22, O. S., suddenly attacked the colonists in the valley of the James River, and killed and scalped about three hundred and fifty.

Edw. A. Neill

MINOR TOPICS

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY

On Monday, March 14, 1887, while some workmen were engaged in the excavation of a cellar for a house upon the lot of Henry T. Dykman, Esq., on the south side of Barker Avenue, in White Plains, they found an iron cannon about five feet and a half long, of a three-inch bore, imbedded in the earth about one foot below the surface. It is in a very good state of preservation, and the same iron screw by which the muzzle of the gun could be elevated and depressed remains attached to the neck of the breach. Upon one end of the left arm of the gun is the date 1745, and on the end of the right arm are the letters "I. E. C." Both the dates and the letters were evidently cast with the gun when it was made.

There was a perceptible depression in the earth at the place where the gun was found, and its muzzle was pointed to the south, the direction from which the British marched upon White Plains on the day of the battle in the Revolutionary War. The place where the gun was found was west of Broadway, below the Presbyterian Church, opposite the mouth of Lake Street, and the discovery of the same at that locality, and the depression behind the same seems to be satisfactory evidence of the location of the lower line of breastworks thrown up at White Plains previous to the battle at that place in the Revolutionary War on the 28th day of October, 1776. The location of the lower line of breastworks has been quite indefinite, although it has been reasonably certain that they were near the line where the cannon was discovered.

The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Tench Tilghman, a member of the military family of General Washington, to William Duer, dated headquarters, near White Plains, November 2, 1776, five days after the battle, shows the existence of the lines in that vicinity :

"DEAR SIR,—I have yours of the 31st ultimo. The loss of the Hill (referring to Chatterton Hill) has not been of the least disadvantage to us. It has occasioned us to leave our lines on the plain, which were only temporary, but not to make retreat. . . . Our Commissaries and Quartermasters had lodged a parcel of stores at the town of White Plains and therefore it was necessary to throw up some lines down the town till the stores could be removed. This we did effectually, and then gave them possession of a piece of ground, which they dare not occupy because it is secured by our cannons from the heights."

Mr. Sparks, in his *Life of Washington*, in speaking of the fortified camp formed by General Washington at White Plains previous to the battle, says : "The camp was on elevated ground, defended in front by two lines of intrenchments, nearly parallel to each other, and between four and five hundred yards apart."

The upper lines of breastworks at White Plains were about five hundred yards above the place where the cannon was discovered, and the space between these intrenchments was occupied by commissary stores, and the tents of the soldiers. The tents were removed to the north of the upper intrenchments two days before the battle, and on the 30th day of October and the 2d day of November all the tents were removed to Mount Misery about a mile above the Old Village, where the line of intrenchments was located in the hills of North Castle.

J. O. DYKMAN

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.

THE GIRL CHENOO

Among the Micmacs far up the Saguenay River a branch turns off to the north, running back into the land of ice and snow. Ten families went up this stream one autumn in their canoes to be gone all winter on a hunt. Among them was a beautiful girl twenty years of age. A young man in the band wished her to become his wife, but she flatly refused him. Perhaps she did it in such a way as to wound his pride; certainly she roused all that was savage in him, and he gave up all his mind to revenge. He was skilled in medicine, or in magic, so he went into the woods and gathered an herb which makes people insensible. Then stealing into the lodge when all were asleep, he held it to the girl's face until she had inhaled the odor and could not be easily awakened. Going out he made a ball of snow, and returning placed it in the hollow of her neck, in front, just below the throat. Then he retired without being discovered. So she could not awake while the chill went to her heart. When she awoke she was chilly, shivering and sick. She refused to eat. This lasted long and her parents became alarmed. They inquired what ailed her. She was ill-tempered; she said nothing was the matter. One day, having been sent to the spring for water, she remained absent so long that her mother went to seek her. Approaching unseen, she observed her greedily eating snow, and asking her what it meant, the daughter explained that she felt within a burning sensation which the snow relieved. More than that, she craved the snow; the taste of it was pleasant to her. After a few days she began to grow fierce, as though she wanted to kill some one. At last she begged her parents to kill her. Hitherto she had loved them very much. Now she told them that unless they killed her she would certainly be their death. Her whole nature was being changed. "How can we kill you?" her mother asked. "You must shoot at me," she replied, "with seven arrows, and if you can kill me with seven shots all will be well. But if you cannot, I shall kill you." Seven men shot at her, as she sat in the wigwam. She was not bound. Every arrow struck her in the breast, but she sat firm and unmoved. Forty-nine times they pierced her; from time to time she looked up with an encouraging smile. When the last arrow struck she fell dead.

—Leland's *Algonquin Legends of New England*.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

TWO INTERESTING ORIGINAL LETTERS

*Letter from General Obediah Herbert of New Jersey, to his son Jacob V. W. Herbert
visiting in New Orleans*

[From the collection of Morgan Herbert]

Herbertsville, Nov. 18th 1831

My dear Son

With much satisfaction and inexpressible surprise I received your letter (dated at New Orleans the 24th of October) on Tuesday the 10th inst, two days less than one month from the day you started from New York, I did not expect a letter until the last of this month.

I should have written you immediately on the receipt of your letter, but there was a celebration—or first trial of the Steam Carriage on the rail road near Bordentown 'on Sat. the 12th inst. I went to see the exhibition and write some of the particulars to you. They had a coach that held thirty passengers attached to the steam car and ran one and a quarter miles in two minutes and twenty two seconds. this they repeated a great many times, as there was a great assemblage of people there and all wanted to ride. The legislature was invited and attended in a body, and a great many of the best people in New Jersey. Robert Stevens conducted the machinery himself. it was a fine performance and gave great satisfaction.

With sentiments of respect and esteem I remain

Your affectionate father

Obediah Herbert.

Letter from Charles Morgan of Louisiana to his grand-nephew, Jacob V. W. Herbert, son of General Obediah Herbert, after his return from New Orleans.

[From the collection of Morgan Herbert.]

[Charles Morgan was a cousin of General Daniel Morgan of Revolutionary fame, and also cousin to Daniel Boone. He settled in Louisiana early in the century, and was quite an aged man at the time of writing this letter. Many of his descendants still reside in Louisiana, some of whom were distinguished for their brilliant courage in the late civil war.—EDITOR.]

Pt. Coupee, La., 13th Nov., 1833.

J. Herbert, Esq.,

Much Esteemed Friend,

It was with pleasure I received your letter under date of October 14th and I was happy to learn that all my relatives were well, and too, I am glad to hear the cholera has not visited New Jersey as it has our state. I believe we are at present without a case of that terrible scourge. The valley of the Miss. and Ohio have suffered greatly. It is now twelve months since it appeared in New Orleans, the loss in this State in slaves is estimated at four millions of dollars. The death rate in the city of New Orleans is said to have been ten thousand souls in the last twelve months—

That old fellow Death has played a bold game with us this last year. he has done work enough to earn his rest. I thank you for the plan of the circular saws, but I have lost so much money that I have lost my energy. I shall have to breathe a while and see whether it will do to start again. I am now at work at the sugar house and have kept both sets of kettles boiling for the past thirty days and have made from eight to ten thousand gallons of sugar, every twenty-four hours. I expected to make from five to six hundred thousand, but we have had an earlier frost than was ever before known in Louisiana. on the 22nd of October we had a white frost which injured the crop of cane one-fourth at least. Sugar is worth from seven to nine cents in New Orleans and increasing. There will go up the Mississippi seventy-five thousand hogsheads this year. At Nashville, Louisville and Cincinnati sugar is worth from ten to eleven cts. by the hundred hogsheads. If prices continue my crop will be worth about thirty thousand dollars. this will about pay for what the *damned* cholera destroyed for me.

Last night, or this morning at three o'clock A.M., we had a brilliant illumination of the heavens, from three to five o'clock. There came on a complete *shower of stars*. they fell for two hours from the clouds, as thick and fast as a July shower of rain, and continued until the sun destroyed their light. I thought at one time all the stars in the sky would fall, but I could not see that they grew thinner there. The earth was so illuminated at intervals, that a *pin* could be seen at any moderate distance. It was the most *elegant display of fireworks* that I ever witnessed. The thermometer sank from 45° to 35° in an hour, they night was very fine, clear—wind W. N. W. and at six o'clock shifted to S. E. The stars

had a falling angle of 35° from N. E. to S. W., wind light. I was out with all the instruments I could raise. The negroes were so frightened, I could scarcely get them to work. A thousand stories were afloat among them, one said those that had died of *cholera* were not well satisfied, and all *cholera subjects* were being kicked out of heaven because they went there too suddenly—not bad for negro wit! Let me know if the shower of stars was seen in New Jersey.

Now for politics—I like Webster! I like a Jackson hickory pole with a Tecumseh head on it, or rather I like Wm. M. Johnson. I know less of Van Buren than any other "*big fish*" in the United States, but I shall not make my choice for a year at least and when I do, my vote shall not be lost. Webster and Clay are the greatest men of our day but whether they will be the choice of the people is a matter of great doubt they are sure to politically damn themselves if they travel about and make stump speeches, I should not vote for a Washington nor a Jackson if I knew he harangued the populace. the people know men and their character without being led like sheep. You nothern people are perfect enthusiasts—as hot as Jacobite Frenchmen. you spoil everyone that goes to New York. I suppose you would give dinners to Calhoun if he were to visit New York. Such a fellow, should not have a *dodger* from my oven! and if he wanted water he could go to the devil to get it, he should not have it from my hand! Are you not quite surprised that the *Jerseys* have come to their senses and become all good Jackson men? A pretty story, to have seventy five Jackson men in a hundred, in your legislature! as you get old become wise.

I want nothing that any government or party can give me, therefore I judge without motives of interest. I have, at heart, the happiness and prosperity of every state in the union and *curse the dog that attempts to destroy it!*

Yours with esteem

Chas. Morgan.

P. S. We have lost twenty two steamboats within the last year on the Mississippi many of the finest boats, and the loss of life has been immense. The Columbia was lost last week—a few lives only. The St Martins with about sixty passengers, the —— blew up with one hundred barrels of gunpowder, the Caspian is said to be destroyed with several others within the last ten days.

14th inst. The weather is very fine it is ten o'clock in the morning, thermometer stands at 70° and probably will rise to 80° by 2 o'clock. Adele is to be here to-day with a party of ladies, to eat candy and drink champagne, Judge Ogden Ladeux and Charles will accompany them. Young Valeorey Ladeux died in the Havannas about six weeks ago.

NOTES

EASTER WEDDINGS IN NEW YORK IN 1778, AND GOVERNOR TRYON'S FEES—The following statement, copied from the original document, shows that neither war, the British occupation, nor dread of Washington and his patriots affected love and Hymen in New York city in 1778. Forty-eight weddings in sixty days is a great proportion. The "license fees" mentioned were those fixed by ordinance as appurtenant to the governor of New York as the Ordinary of the King; and which the king reserved to the governor as his personal representative, there being no bishop, the usual Ordinary, in New York—a state of things that could exist only in that colony, it being a conquered province, and the only one among the British American colonies. The law of the province, enacted in 1684, provided that all marriages must be either by the publication of bans for three successive Sundays in some place of public worship, or by a license from the governor for the time being.

"Account of fees received in the Secretary's office for his Excellency the Governor, viz.:

From the 16 May	}	on 48 marriage	
to		licenses at	10s.
16 July inclusive	}		£24 0. 0.

Secretary's office, 17 July, 1778,

John Moore.

Rec'd. Wm. Tryon "

Westchester

SUMMER SCHOOL IN DEERFIELD—In the summer of 1886 an experiment was begun in the lovely, historic village of Deerfield, Massachusetts—the tentative

establishment of a summer school of history and romance, the endeavor being "to create a public sentiment in favor of a permanent institution, the object of which should be the study of unwritten phases of New England social development, and the search for truth and beauty in ideal romance, rather than in the pages of the popular novelists."

The interest excited by this experiment surpassed the expectations of its projector, and proved that there was sufficient popular interest to justify the permanent establishment of the school in this beautiful locality—sanctified by the blood of the "flower of Essex" at the murderous ambushade at Bloody Brook in 1675, and later by the assault of the French and Indians in 1704. A course of twelve lectures was given last summer—Geo. G. Cable, Chas. Dudley Warner, Senator Dawes, Mrs. L. W. Champney, and others, included among the lecturers—on various topics, followed by discussions which were well sustained by the members of the school; and a gratifying atmosphere of literary culture resulted throughout the town and vicinity.

This year it is proposed to formally institute the school. The course of general lectures will be given by the best talent available, and, in order to more fully develop the objects already announced as the basis of the school, there will be special courses upon themes germane to the question. There will also be occasional sessions, devoted exclusively to *talks* upon the subjects touched upon by the lectures; it being one of the prime objects of the projector to encourage the art of conversation.

While the scope of the school will be broad and catholic, the effort will be made to bring to light the as yet hardly touched field of the gradual advance from the Pilgrim of 1620 to the American citizen of to-day; not by public epochs, but by research amid the homes and private records of our forefathers. In short, to study them as men and women rather than as representatives of colonial or pioneer or patriotic eras.

In the field of romance the attempt will be made to utter a protest against the realism of Howells and James, as being the highest literary development. Believing that the ideal is a help and a light to literature; that romance exists and is demanded to-day as always heretofore; that poetry and fancy are necessary attributes as an offset to the material tendencies of American life, the constant hope and aim of this school will be the ideal in literature.

L. J. B. LINCOLN

DEERFIELD, May 15, 1887.

THE GRISWOLD GENEALOGY—In reply to *Inquirer*, who writes for information, the editor takes pleasure in calling his attention to the advertisement of Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury, on another page of this magazine, who are printing privately a series of genealogical and biographical monographs on the families in the line of Mrs. Salisbury's descent—that of McCurdy, Lord, Parmelee-Mitchell, Digby-Lynde, Willoughby, Griswold, Pitkin-Wolcott, Ogden Johnson, and Diocati, including notices of the Marvins, Lees, DeWolfs, and other families. It is not a mere collection of names and dates, but a *book of family history* as well

as a genealogical record, full of new facts obtained in this country and abroad; a work of great and ever-increasing interest to present and future generations of these families and their allies; and also valuable to genealogists, and other antiquaries or students of history generally. The monographs will fill from 500 to 600 pages, in two parts, 4to; and will be accompanied by twenty full-chart pedigrees, on bond paper, with authenticated coats of arms and carefully prepared indexes of family names. This work will be similar in character and elegance of finish to that which Mr. Salisbury published in 1885, on lines of his own descent—important New England families—and we can assure all those who are interested that the coming volumes will be of the highest value and authenticity.

BIRCHES—There are as many as six kinds of birches growing in this State: the *canoe birch*, the largest of all, sometimes seventy feet high, and three feet in diameter, and which grows as far south as the Catskills; the Indians made their canoes of its bark, sewing them with the fibrous roots of the white spruce. The *cherry birch*, or black birch, is also a northern variety, and very common here; it is used for cabinet work. Then there is the *yellow birch*, another northern variety, and a useful tree. The *red birch*, also a tree of the largest size, is the kind used for brooms. The *white birch*, a small tree, is of less value than any other; it is quite common in our neighborhood. We have understood, indeed, that all the birches are found in this country, except the little *dwarf*

birch, an Alpine shrub, only a foot or so in height.—*Rural Hours*, by Susan Fenimore Cooper.

—*Collections of the Maine Historical Society*.

THE CITY OF BANGOR began to be populated in 1769, when Jacob Buswell and his family first located themselves on the banks of the Penobscot, in what is now the first ward of the city, a short distance above the mouth of the Kenduskeag. The whole region was then a dense wilderness, wild and uncultivated, on which the hand of government, as well as of civilization, had never been laid. It remained as God had created it, free from administerial dictation, the abode of the wild beasts of the forest and equally wild aborigines, a part of that great mythical "Norumbega," which the men and poets of an earlier generation had signalized in history and song.

SWEDISH ANTIQUITIES—The work entitled "Swedish Antiquities," translated by Thomas R. Colling, C. M. O. H. S., and published by General Charles W. Darling, corresponding secretary of the Oneida Historical Society, has just gone into the hands of the printer, and will soon be issued. It is to be followed by "Traces of Man upon Earth, Historic and Prehistoric;" on the careful treatment of which subject General Darling has occupied much of his time during the present year. A limited number of copies only will be published, and persons desiring the same would do well to make early application to William T. Smith, No. 169 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.

QUERIES

GOTHAM AND ATHENS—When was the name "Gotham" first applied to the city of New York, and "Athens" to any city in America? KNICKERBOCKER

THE BRICK CHURCH TOMB-STONES—I have been informed that the tombstones erected in the church-yard of the Old Brick Church were removed by the trustees and placed for preservation in their new edifice. Will some of your readers please communicate the facts, as the inscriptions are very valuable for the purpose of genealogical study.

GENEALOGIST

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN NEW YORK—Was the Church of England established in the Province of New York, or so recognized at any time? RECTOR

BOOK OF POEMS—In 1843 I saw a book of poems "noticed" in one of the magazines. The notice gave three pieces from the book as specimens. The heading of one of the pieces was "Thrasymbulus," containing these two (remembered) stanzas:

"Then forward to the unequal strife,
We conquer or we die;
Warriors, the loss can be but life,
The gain is liberty!"

* * * * *

"Forbid it ye, whose sires alone
The Persian hosts withstood,
Till the proud plains of Marathon
Ran purple with their blood."

Who was the author? Where can the piece be found? E. H. C.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

REPLIES

OHIO [xvii. 137, 425]—*Editor Magazine of American History*: When OHIO was in its infancy great efforts were made at the East to strangle it in the cradle, at least to retard its growth. There was no "Nast" at that time doing work so powerful and telling as now. But there were caricaturists even then. Here is one picture I well remember. Two horsemen are riding toward each other, one heading to the *West*, the other to the *East*. The animal backed by the former was a Bucephalus in stature, and caparisoned with fitting elegance of trapping, while the owner rode with head up and becoming stateliness and pride. The other was the perfect opposite, reminding of Don Quixote's Rozinante. As they neared each other the former spoke out in ringing tones, "*I am going to Ohio!*" The other replies, with pale visage and low tones, "*I HAVE BEEN!*" W.

KING OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES [xvii. 441]—In reply to the queries in their order I would say:

1. King George III. was acknowledged as their *constitutional* monarch by the American Colonies, as his predecessor had been.

2. He attempted by Acts of Parliament and force of arms to compel the Colonies to submit to measures which they declared to be *unconstitutional* and subversive of the liberty of the subject. After numerous unsuccessful appeals to the justice, policy, and magnanimity of the King and Parliament, they resisted invasion and succeeded in repelling the invaders. The proper Scriptural refer-

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ence is 1 Kings xii. 3-16 rather than 1 Pet. ii. 13, 14.

3. "Other people that are oppressed have the same right." R.

HORSE-CHESTNUT [xvii. 263, 352]—The affix "horse," in "horse-chestnut," probably means "large," as it does in "horse-radish" and "horse-fly." It seems to mean "rough" or "unwieldy" in "horse-play," and this meaning is evidently derived from the other.

ERNEST H. CROSBY

NEW YORK CITY.

SIR PEYTON SHIPWORTHY [xvii. 442]—The Baronets Skipwith (or Skipworth), of Leicestershire, having sold Prestwold, their ancestral seat, near Loughborough, about 1653, removed afterwards to Virginia. Their colonial estate, in the vicinity of Blandford (Petersburg), was named after the old place in England, and here Sir Peyton, the 7th baronet, succeeded his father in 1764, and died October 9, 1805, the title descending to his eldest son and heir, Sir Grey, who was born at Prestwold, Virginia, September 17, 1771. I. J. G.

AMERICAN DISCOVERER [xviii. 441]—A *discoverer* is properly one who discovers (lays open, *dis* and *cover*) what is before unknown; an *explorer* is one who searches or pries into (*ex* and *ploro*), and may in doing this become a discoverer; oftener an explorer follows a discoverer. Columbus was a discoverer, but not an explorer. Commander Wilkes, U. S. N., was both a discoverer (of a part of the

Antarctic continent) and an explorer (in the Pacific Ocean, California, and Oregon). Dr. Kane was a discoverer; Fremont an explorer. The *practical* distinction is greater than the *scientific* one.

D. F. L.

MANCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

4. "Thomas Whaley of Virginia and Theophilus Wall of Narragansett," by R. P. Robins. *Pennsylvania Magazine of Biography and History*, Vol. X. pp. 392-400. 1887.

HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN

WHALEY, THE REGICIDE [xvii. 264, 443]—*Mr. Anthony Arnoux*: In reply to your inquiry as to particulars concerning Whaley, the regicide, permit me to call your attention to two interesting papers on this subject, published in the October and January issues of the Pennsylvania Historical Society's quarterly, the *Pennsylvania Magazine*.

ANDREW D. MELLICK, JR

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

WHALEY, THE REGICIDE [xvii. 264]—Mr. Arnoux will find all that is known of Whaley in the following titles: 1. Dr. Stiles' "History of Three of the Judges of Charles 1st," &c. Hartford, 1794. 2. "Memoranda Concerning Edward Whaley and William Goffe," by F. B. Dexter. New Haven, 1876. Also in Vol. II. New Haven Colony Historical Society Papers. 3. "Edward Whalley, the Regicide," by R. P. Robins. *Pennsylvania Magazine of Biography and History*, Vol. I. pp. 55-66. 1877.

SENECAS [xvii. 263]—The name of the Senecas first appears on the Dutch maps of 1614 and 1616, where it is spelled Sennecas. Northeast of them were placed the Maquaas, or Mohawks, and by these two names *alone* the Dutch were accustomed to designate the Five Nations for half a century. Neither name is Iroquois, but they were those given them by the shore Algonquin tribes, first known to the Dutch and English. Either from their cannibal feasts or ferocity, the Senecas seem to have been known by this name, which has been fairly interpreted as "devourers of men," from "sinni," to eat; this being the most common early form. The nearest resemblance is in the Iroquois *Sinneke-we-non*, meaning *all*; but the name seems certainly to have come from the shore tribes, not from themselves. It appears often in the Dutch colonial documents, prior to the English conquest.

W. M. BEAUCHAMP

BALDWINVILLE, NEW YORK.

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The annual meeting was held on Tuesday evening, January 4. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: president, Hon. John A. King; first vice-president, Hamilton Fish; second vice-president, John A. Weekes; foreign corresponding secretary, William M. Evarts; domestic corresponding secretary, Edward F. De Lancey; recording secretary, Andrew Warner; treasurer, Robert Schell; librarian, Jacob B. Moore.

At the regular monthly meeting, February 1, Mrs. William P. Wright presented a collection to the society, made by her husband, relating to the war of 1861, bound in ten volumes, consisting of engravings, broadsides, badges, and other mementoes. The paper of the evening was read by Professor Daniel J. Brinton, on "American Aboriginal Poetry." The gallery was enriched by an exquisite bust of the late Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., presented by Mrs. Osgood, also a portrait, by Huntington, of the retiring president, Mr. Benjamin H. Field, the bequest of the late Mrs. Field.

At the meeting, March 1, J. F. Jameson, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University, read an instructive paper on "William Usselinx and the Dutch West India Company."

At the meeting, April 5, Dr. George H. Moore read a most interesting and exhaustive paper, entitled, "The Origin and Early History of Columbia College," in which he presented much that was new concerning this institution, agree-

ably diversified with quaint facts and amusing incidents in its early career.

At the meeting on the 3d of May, Rev. Dr. De Costa read a paper entitled, "The Origin and Growth of Religious Liberty in New York."

THE AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY—The annual meeting of the American Ethnological Society was held April 26, 1887, and the following were elected officers for 1887: president, Alexander L. Cotheal; vice-presidents, Charles E. West, LL.D., and Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D.; corresponding secretary, J. S. White, LL.D.; recording secretary, the Rev. T. Stafford Drowne, D.D.; treasurer, Alexander I. Cotheal; librarian, Henry T. Drowne. An interesting paper was read by Dr. John S. White on "The Viking Ship Discovered at Gokstad, in Norway," which was illustrated by stereopticon views.

NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY—At a meeting of this society, held on Friday evening, April 22, President Wilson in the chair, an interesting address on Sir William Pepperell, Bart., was delivered by Everett P. Wheeler, a member of the New York bar. The address, which was illustrated with a fine portrait of Sir William, by the celebrated painter Copley, will appear in the next number of the society's publication, the *Record*, which will also contain a valuable monograph by the Rev. Beverly R. Betts, on the Eigenbrodts of New York.

BOOK NOTICES

AMERICAN STATE CONSTITUTIONS.

A Study of their growth. By HENRY HITCHCOCK, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 61. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The significance of statutes and constitutions, and their influence upon the direction and the measure of development in the national life of a country, is admirably emphasized in this little volume, which embodies a scholarly address, delivered in January last before the New York State Bar Association at its tenth annual meeting in Albany. The author has made no attempt to write an elaborate history of state constitutions and the changes made from time to time in the laws which govern them, but to discuss a few of the more notable enactments, grouping them for convenient reference, and suggesting lessons from them of the first importance in connection with his theme. These enactments, he says, signify and express the conclusions of a free people as to what changes in their organic law will best promote the common welfare. "They are unique in their importance, as being the broadest, the most permanent, and the most authoritative expression of the vigorous life of legislation; they are the very foundations of the accepted political and social order; they mark out the chosen line of progress; they record, in brief line and weighty phrase, the result of controversies the most momentous." Among the statistics of surpassing value included in the work we find the following: "It appears that up to 1873 one hundred and fifty conventions in all had been held in the United States for the purpose of framing, revising, or ratifying constitutions or parts of constitutions, either for the Union or for States now members thereof, including in that number twenty-eight conventions called simply to ratify propositions made by other conventions or bodies having analogous functions—such as the several State conventions which ratified the Federal Constitution—and six others which proved abortive, such as various meetings of the council of censors of Pennsylvania and of Vermont, and the Rhode Island Convention of 1834. Of the remaining one hundred and eighteen conventions, properly speaking, seventy-eight submitted the fruit of their labors to the people, including the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and forty which did not. But the significance of these figures can be reached only by considering their distribution in point of time."

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF MANORS IN
THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK AND
IN THE COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER.

By EDWARD FLOYD DELANCEY, with Map of

the Manors in Westchester. Pamphlet. Imperial octavo, pp. 166. New York, 1886.

This scholarly work, written from a legal point of view, is a separately printed chapter from the recently published "History of Westchester County," and possesses exceptional value from the fact that it forcibly elucidates a feature of American history hitherto very little known and understood. Mr. DeLancey has had the best of opportunities for informing himself in relation to his theme, and in no other printed volume can be found so clear and accurate a presentation of the general character of the Dutch systems and law and patroonships established in this country; and of the subsequent system of the English under the Duke of York as Lord Proprietor. Mr. DeLancey tells us what the manors in New York were not and what they were. He says, "The impression is very common, especially in America, that the manor system is purely of feudal origin. Writers who have referred to the New York manors, as a rule, describe them as the same as the feudal manors of England, not aware that manors have not been created in England since 1290; not aware that the law of England at the time of the wresting of New Netherland from the Dutch prohibited the existence in the new Province of New York of feudal manors. They have indulged, and do indulge, in a great deal of fine, and sometimes indignant, writing on the subject, which had, and has, no real basis whatever. . . . No grant of a feudal manor in England at any time from their first introduction ever carried with it a title, and much less did any grant of a New York freehold manor ever do so. Both related to land only. The term Lord of the Manor is a technical one, and means simply the owner—the possessor—of a manor, nothing more. Its use as a title is simply a work of intense, or ignorant, republican provincialism. 'Lord,' as a prefix to a manor owner's name, was never used in England, nor in the Province of New York."

Mr. DeLancey explains the difference between the old feudal manors of England and the modern manorial system of New York, with its incidents and tenure introduced by the English, and proceeds to show how the erection of these manors, like the previous creation of patroonships by the Dutch, was simply the establishment and carrying out of what they deemed the best method of promoting the growth and development of their new possession under their own laws and customs. To the same idea was due the granting of large tracts of land, "Great Patents," as they were called, which were not manors. In the County of Westchester were six manors, those of Cortlandt, Scarsdale, Pelham, Morrisania, Fordham, and Philipsborough. It is said that

in 1769 one-third of the population of the county lived in the monster manors of Cortlandt and Philipsborough. The map, which serves as a frontispiece to the volume, will give the reader an opportunity to note the comparative extent of these great tracts of land. A separate map, on page 115, is that of the Cortlandt manor, prepared expressly for this work. There are also excellent individual maps of the manors of Philipsborough and of Scarsdale. A volume of such consequence to students of American history as this of Mr. DeLancey's should have a place in every college and public library.

THE EARLY TUDORS: Henry VII.; Henry VIII. By the Rev. C. E. MOBERLY, M. A. 16mo, pp. 246. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is no doubt that in projecting this series, entitled "Epochs of Modern History," Mr. Morris supplied something that was lacking in the world of letters. The series now numbers seventeen volumes, including "The Early Tudors," and may run through several more. The study of history by epochs has manifest advantages, grouping passages and persons in their natural relations, and fixing them in the mind through mutual association. Of course the different volumes sometimes overlap, but this only tends to preserve the harmony of the series. It is a pity, however, that an ex-master of Rugby should permit himself to be responsible for such inelegant, not to say incorrect, sentences as the following, which we quote from page 19:

"As to Lord Stanley, Richard seems to have had the incapacity (not uncommon in tyrants) to reflect that those whom they injure are certain to remember the wrong when they themselves have forgotten it." And, "Making a virtue of necessity, Richard acknowledged, as we are informed, his crime in his final address to his soldiers," etc. In the last sentence the simple transposition of "his crime" to follow "acknowledged" would have turned into good English what must now stand as a bungling form of expression.

THE HISTORICAL WRITINGS OF THE LATE ORSAMUS H. MARSHALL, Relating to the Early History of the West. With an Introduction by WILLIAM L. STONE. Small 4to, pp. 500. Albany, New York, 1887: Joel Munsell's Sons.

The author of this exceedingly interesting work was an enthusiast in historical studies, a man of marked ability and many excellencies. His writings, which form the volume before us, are chiefly a collection of historical monographs

and contributions to magazine literature, which were prepared with great fidelity and painstaking research among original authorities, and which will never lose their special value and importance. Mr. Marshall chose chiefly for his subjects the aborigines of western New York, and the early explorers—subjects fraught with all the elements of picturesque romance. He was a frequent and highly appreciated contributor to the pages of the *MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY*, the first article in the first number of this periodical, in January, 1877, being from his pen. In his "Sketch of some of the Indian Tribes which formerly dwelt on the borders of the great lakes," the opening chapter of the book, he reveals a tender and sympathizing spirit and a fondness for traditions, which serve to illumine his pages and lend a peculiar charm to the narrative. One of the most interesting chapters is "The first visit of De La Salle to the Senecas, made in 1669," a paper read before the Buffalo Historical Society in 1874. An account of "De Céloron's expedition to the Ohio in 1749" is another contribution of sterling worth and special note. An appreciative introduction to the work appears from the pen of William L. Stone. An elaborate and excellent index and an appendix conclude the volume, which is a deserved and fitting monument to a critical historical scholar and an estimable citizen.

THE FEUD OF OAKFIELD CREEK. A Novel of California Life. By JOSIAH ROYCE. 16mo, pp. 483. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The reader of the day has learned to expect from a book that professes to deal with the Pacific Coast something that touches upon the life of mining camps and the strange characters and episodes that render that phase of existence so fascinating to eastern readers, but the present novel treats of an entirely different outgrowth of the conditions that have developed in the neighborhood of San Francisco; the relations, that is, of landlord and tenant, with complications arising out of personal quarrels, literary ambitions, and love affairs. The plot is as characteristic and as full of local color as if the scenes were laid in mining camps, and presents, upon the whole, a view of California existence that will be a revelation to most readers.

OUR GOVERNMENT. How it grew, what it does, and how it does it. By JESSE MACY, A.M. 16mo, pp. 238. Boston, 1886: Ginn & Co.

This is an excellent little hand-book, prepared with skill and intelligent care for the young mind already partially informed concerning the

local governments in his immediate vicinity, or school district. The work is so arranged that the institutions nearest and most easily comprehended are first presented, and the child is led onward by dainty steps through his own State, until he understands the relation of the whole machinery to the Federal Government. Many facts and incidents drawn from the history of the colonies are used to show the close connection of our present affairs, local, State, and Federal, with the past experiences of the people. To understand what governments are doing involves some knowledge of what they have been doing. A thorough knowledge of the past is the best possible preparation for understanding the present. The book is well conceived, and it is full of priceless suggestions; the bright pupil will be guided through its study into the avenues of general culture in history, as well as in law-making and political economy.

OUTLINES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

With an account of its origin and sources, and of its historical development. By GEORGE B. DAVIS, U. S. A. 16mo, pp. 469. New York, 1887: Harper & Brothers.

One result at least has grown out of the various theories of evolution that have of late attracted so much attention from thinking people—no history of anything is complete unless it traces the gradual development of the subject under consideration, from its first conception to its latest perfection or imperfection, as the case may be. The author's purpose in the preparation of the present volume has been to provide a work sufficiently elementary to be within the reach of all who wish to gain some knowledge of the principles that underlie the laws of nations. The use of technical terms has, to this end, been avoided as far as possible, and the result is an elementary text-book rather than a book of reference, though in this latter aspect it is by no means without value. The list of authorities with which it opens is a very full bibliography of the subject under consideration, including the works of nearly all the most profound students of this most important branch of jurisprudence, from Puffendorf, in 1706, to Schuyler, in 1886.

The definition is worth noting as indicative of the basis of study. This, in Mr. Davis' view, comprises "the aggregate of rules and limitations which sovereign states agree to observe in their intercourse and relations with each other. As it deals with the relation of states in their sovereign capacity, it is sometimes called 'Public International Law,' to distinguish it from that branch of the science which has to do with the relations of states to the citizen or subjects of other states, which is called 'Private Interna-

tional Law;' or, as it is in question whether the courts of a state shall apply their own municipal laws, or those of another state, in the determination of a given cause, this branch of the subject has sometimes been called the 'Conflict of Laws.'" The author is the assistant professor of law at the United States Military Academy, where, of course, it is of the highest importance that officers shall be trained in sound principles of the relations that subsist among civilized nations. The volume may, upon the whole, be accepted as the best guide as yet available for young men who may, in the course of their professional life, be called upon to decide, on their own responsibility, questions involving the gravest matters of international comity.

LIFE OF THOMAS HART BENTON.

[AMERICAN STATESMEN.] By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 16mo, pp. 372. Boston and New York, 1887: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This book is intensely interesting from the first page to the last. It is an excellent piece of literary work. Mr. Roosevelt has caught the spirit of his subject, and told the story of his varied career in a rapid, forceful, engaging manner. Mr. Benton was born in North Carolina in 1782, but he was primarily a western and not a southern statesman. The political school which he represented came to its fullest development in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, when they were known as the Border States. Mr. Roosevelt truthfully says: "Benton was one of those public men who formulate and express, rather than shape, the thoughts of the people who stand behind them, and whom they represent. A man of strong intellect and keen energy, he was for many years the foremost representative of at least one phase of that thought; being, also, a man of high principle and determined courage. When a younger generation had grown up, and the bent of the thought had changed, he declined to change with it, bravely accepting political defeat as the alternative, and going down without flinching a hair's breadth from the ground on which he had always stood." In his young days, Mr. Benton studied law, and attained eminence in his profession; he served one term in the Tennessee Legislature, where he procured the passage of laws reforming the judicial system, and giving to slaves the benefit of a jury trial. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, an influential editor in St. Louis before the war closed, and held a seat in the United States Senate for thirty years. His public life covered a period of exciting political controversies, in all of which he was more or less concerned. Mr. Roosevelt describes him in his private life as "a religious man."

who, "like his great political chief, could on occasions swear roundly. His personal and political prejudices were bitter, and he denounced his enemies freely in public; yet he always declined to take part in joint political debates on account of the personal discourtesy with which they were conducted. His character grew steadily to the very last; he made better speeches, and was better able to face new problems, when past three score and ten than in his early youth or middle age."

NEW YORK. THE PLANTING AND THE GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE STATE. By ELLIS H. ROBERTS. [AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS.] Two volumes, small 12mo. Boston and New York, 1887: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Such is the title of this last of the five attempts to reduce the history of the Colony of New Netherland and the Province and State of New York to the form of a brief manual. As to the object of the writer in this production, we are left to conjecture, as the work has no introduction, nor even a preface. Undoubtedly, Mr. Roberts had good reasons, and probably thought he had better not give them, but why it is hard to say. From an advertising page, bound after the index in the second volume, headed "American Commonwealths, edited by Horace E. Scudder," we learn that Mr. Scudder is getting out "a series of volumes narrating the history of such States of the Union as have exerted a positive influence in the shaping of the national government, or have a striking political, social, or economical history," and that "the aim of the editor will be to secure trustworthy and graphic narratives, which shall have substantial value as historical monographs and at the same time do full justice to the picturesque elements of the subjects," and that "it is hoped by this means to throw new light upon the development of the country, and to give a fresh point of view for the study of American history." Whether the editor of the series and the author of these two volumes disagreed or not as to their *raison d'être*, and therefore concluded to say nothing about it, does not appear. The result is that we are driven to the above-mentioned advertisement of Mr. Scudder for a reason for the existence of Mr. Roberts' work, and that is found only in its last quoted sentence. Now, we understand that any account of any country brought down to a late date may throw new light on its "development." But how such accounts as Mr. Scudder proposes, of such "American Commonwealths" as he selects, can "give a fresh point of view for the study of American history" is not at all clear.

It is very certain that Mr. Roberts' two duo-

decimo volumes do not give any "fresh point of view for the study" of New York history. He does not claim any original research nor access to any new material. As a whole, the work is an admirably well written abridgment of New York history from an old point of view. But not one authority is given, nor a document, paper, or book cited for any statement made, save a very, very few quotations in the text, so few as hardly to be exceptions to the rule. Mr. Roberts is, perhaps, not to blame for this. He and his readers are the sufferers from the system adopted in the "series." Mr. Scudder, the editor, or the publishers, have undertaken to apply the same system to food for the mind, in the form of history, that has been applied so profitably and successfully to food for the body, in the form of beef, fruits, and vegetables. When François Appert, as far back as 1809, announced in France his great discovery of securing cooked food in hermetically sealed vessels, which has since been carried to such perfection there, and in "this America of ours," he had little idea that his invention would eventually be applied to the preparation and preservation of mental food in the same way. And yet it has been done, with great success and profit to the publishers, as is evidenced by the numerous "series," in philosophy, biography, physics, history, etc., with which booksellers' shelves now groan. Of this *canned* history, so to speak, these two volumes are exceedingly good specimens. Mr. Roberts was a very good workman for Mr. Scudder to employ in his history canning business. They will do well to dip into for a newspaper article, an anniversary oration, a centennial celebration, or any other literary fishing excursion, or picnic, and even could be opened for a sudden military or political supper and the speeches or addresses thereto appurtenant. They can be so drawn upon with pleasure to all present, provided, however, that Mr. Roberts' language is not "warmed over," or "spiced up," for the occasion.

The difficulty is that the whole system of "preserving" history in pretty little volumes, like meats, fruits, and vegetables in pretty little cans, is wrong. Neither answer except for temporary occasions, and if depended upon produce in the one case mental, in the other physical, dyspepsia. Mr. Roberts is a man of education and culture, has been a member of Congress, mayor of a city, is the editor of a flourishing newspaper of the interior, and president of a local historical society. If he had undertaken to give us a full history of the colony and State, with plenty of time at his disposal, it would doubtless have been well done, with the bones, gristle, tendons, muscle, and juices of the subject in their proper relations, instead of the cut-up and canned articles he has been forced to prepare.

There being no preface or introduction—no label, as it were—to his work, we do not know if he was aware of the four previous abbreviations of the history of New York that have been published. The first was "Eastman's" history of the State from its discovery, for the use of schools and families, published in New York in 1828, and brought down to that date, in small duodecimo of 279 pages. It was simply an abstract, and a very good one too, of the subject, in chapters and numbered sections, with questions at the foot of each page. The second was a new and enlarged edition of the same work, with the addition of a full geographical account of the county and its original inhabitants, published in New York in 1833, in a thick duodecimo of 455 pages. Both editions contain at the end a very few biographical sketches of noted persons. These works are capital outline histories, just what such works should be for school and family use. The author's preface well says, "In a work of this nature it seemed that the compiler should not seek minutely to detail the policy, or exhibit the springs and motives, of government, but should in general restrict himself to a plain exhibition of facts and events." This and this only is what all abbreviated or outline histories should aim at. The third work was altogether of a different character. It was a history of New York for schools, by William Dunlap, in two small, thin, 12mo volumes, published in New York in 1837, and consists of conversations or dialogues between an old uncle, three small boys, and one little girl. They begin with Hudson and talk down to the end of the Revolution. It is weak, puerile, very "patriotic," and very hard reading, but gives a fair outline of the subject. It is only noteworthy as out of it grew its author's larger work, "Dunlap's History of New York," in the usual narrative style, left unfinished at his death and published afterward, in 1839, in two volumes, large duodecimo. Dunlap was industrious, but credulous, and he collected a good deal of matter, some of it valuable, which was added to and forms part of the second of the two volumes.

The fourth was "A History of the State of New York, for the use of Common Schools, Academies, Normal and High Schools, and other Seminaries of Instruction, by S. S. Randall, Superintendent of Schools in the City of New York," published in that city in 1871, in one volume duodecimo, beginning with the Indians and coming down to the second election of Governor Hoffman. It is in chapters and numbered sections—a mere outline—based on "Smith's History of New York" mainly as to the Colonial era, the ordinary accounts of the Revolution, and "Hammond's Political History," and Miss Booth's "History of the City of New York" and the author's own later knowledge as to State politics.

It is a curious illustration of the little hold the history of New York seems to have upon its own citizens, and the little attention they gave to it, that Randall's preface to this book actually begins with these words, "So far as I am aware, the compilation now presented to the public is the first attempt at providing for our elementary and higher institutions of learning, a separate History of the State of New York."

It will be seen that all these works were professedly school histories or manuals, while Mr. Roberts' work, the fifth and last, does not profess to be anything, being merely styled, "New York—the Planting and Growth of the Empire State." It is, in fact, not a history, but an extended editorial review of the history of New York, from 1609 down to President Cleveland and Governor Hill. His account of the Dutch colonization is exceedingly well done, and perhaps the best part of the volumes. Mr. Roberts, however, is guilty of one great mistake, which is a grievous defect. He makes the Dutch *regime* continue to 1674, when it, in fact, was terminated by the British conquest in 1664. His sixth chapter is entitled, "Surrender of the Dutch, 1663-1674;" and his twelfth, "Beginnings of English Rule, 1674-1688." He thus practically gives over to the Dutch the first ten years of the English rule. The effect of his treatment is to make very hazy a period of which the actual documents and contemporary publications make the history perfectly clear and distinct. He really begins the English rule with Andros's administration instead of Nicolls's. The Leisler rebellion he treats fairly and well. But from William and Mary to the Revolution he has relied too much on Smith's History, and not enough on the Council and Assembly journals, and that great storehouse of facts, the eleven volumes of the Colonial Historical Documents, edited by O'Callaghan. Relying so much on Smith and the pamphleteers of the middle of the last century, he has unconsciously been led into errors which a closer study of the documents would have prevented.

The treatment of the period from 1776 to 1789 is singularly incorrect in one respect. During that whole time New York was an *independent sovereign State*, free and clear of all entangling alliances with the single exception of the Articles of Confederation, which did not take effect till their final adoption in 1781, having her own army and navy, judiciary, and governor, and issuing her own money. But of this Mr. Roberts strangely says not one word.

The political history down to our days, and the accounts of the War of 1812, and the late Civil War, are treated generally with fairness and good taste. Altogether the work is creditable, and its author is to be congratulated upon having so well performed his part of the condensing process confided to him by Mr. Scudder.

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